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THE GOVERNMENT AND THE ANARCHISTS.

MR. PARNELL announces that, in consequence of the intended prosecution, he will no longer deprecate murder or violence. If it had been true that he had at any time attempted to check the crimes for which he is morally responsible, his present declaration would be an admission that he was henceforth a willing accomplice of assassins. He has, in fact, never expressed the faintest objection to the proceedings of his disciples except in the form of occasional denials of the necessity of murder. Any adherent of the Land League who differed from Mr. PARNELL as to the need of killing a landlord might quote his authority in support of the principle that all measures required for the expropriation of landowners are intrinsically justifiable. A speaker who followed Mr. PARNELL said, without remonstrance on the part of his leader, that, if tenants were to shoot landlords like part-ridges in September, he for one would never object. To give practical point to his doctrines, the orator proceeded to denounce a particular land agent by name; and the audience, as might be expected, cried out that he must be shot. Perhaps the most offensive incident of a meeting remarkable for its violence was the production of a letter from the Roman Catholic Bishop of the diocese, confirming the allegation that the tenant-farmers suffer intolerable grievances, and ending with a sanctimonious warning against any deviation from the paths of justice and morality. An exhortation to shoot landlords like part-ridges may be more wicked than a formal protest against a deviation from morality in the form of murder; but it is perhaps less contemptible. The Church which on the Continent affects to be the great bulwark against anarchy, has, either through complicity or through cowardice, scandalously failed in the duty of resisting the lawlessness of its devotees in Ireland.

As the conspiracy becomes daily more formidable, stronger doubts are entertained as to the wisdom of the Government policy. In the most favourable event of a verdict for the Crown, the chief ringleaders will be sentenced to various terms of imprisonment; and some of them perhaps will not be sorry to find themselves in a safe retreat at the moment when they might otherwise be expected to head the insurrection which they have done their best to prepare. Their places will be instantly filled by ambitious substitutes, glad of the opportunity of acquiring notoriety in their turn. The extravagant language of their principals will be, if possible, exceeded, in the well-founded confidence that the elaborate machinery of a State prosecution will not be employed repeatedly or against obscure offenders. In the meantime the outrages which embody the purpose of incendiary speeches will increase in frequency and atrocity, and the combination against payment of rent may probably spread through the whole of Ireland. The assumption that an honest verdict will to a certain extent vindicate the supremacy of law is, by general acknowledgment, more than doubtful. The jurors will, even if they are upright and loyal, need courage to defy the intimidation to which they will be exposed. Modern Liberal legislation has succeeded in deteriorating the jury panels, which consequently inspire little confidence, even when no political issue is raised. A Dublin jury will probably not acquit the defendants in the teeth of sufficient evidence; but a single dis-

sentient, through sympathy or through fear, may secure impunity to the accused. After a first failure, ultimate success would become more improbable, and a second trial would produce intolerable delay. While no good subject would willingly impede the action of the Government, Mr. FORSTER may be surprised to find that the prosecution is but faintly approved either by his supporters or his opponents. One section of the party perhaps still sympathizes with the objects, though not with the methods, of the agitators; but the objection to an appeal to the criminal law in which Conservatives and moderate Liberals concur is that the remedy is too weak for the disease. The arrest and intended prosecution of HEALY, who is called Mr. PARNELL's secretary, results from an information laid by a tenant-farmer whom he had publicly threatened with outrage. The same agitator denounced to an excited meeting by name Mr. HUTCHINS, whom the voluntary auxiliaries of the Land League had already attempted to murder. It will be interesting to learn whether conviction for a crime which cannot be adequately punished is possible in the present state of Ireland.

As the preparations for the trial for conspiracy will take some time, it is to be hoped that the Government will not obstinately bind itself to abstain from the simultaneous employment of more stringent measures of precaution or defence. Two provisions of former Coercion Acts are urgently required. The Habeas Corpus Act ought to be suspended, and the disaffected population should be as far as possible disarmed. It is at least impossible to understand any objection which could be raised to the prohibition of the sale of arms. The most pedantic and puzzle-headed of constitutional puritans could scarcely persuade himself that the acquisition of instruments of murder is a sacred and indefeasible right. A Government which has not courage to prevent the sale of rifles and bayonets that are to be used against itself and against the peaceable part of the community must be almost too imbecile for contempt. A correspondent of the *Times* has published a curious illustration of the extent to which factions selfishness may deter a Government from the performance of the plainest duty. In 1846, when murder and violence were almost as rampant as at the present day, Lord JOHN RUSSELL, who had just succeeded to office by a discreditable coalition with Lord GEORGE BENTINCK against Sir ROBERT PEEL's Coercion Bill, would have allowed anarchy to continue unchecked, if Lord CLARENDON had not threatened to resign his office of Lord-Lieutenant unless he were armed with the necessary powers. In the present year the new Government deliberately refused to renew the Peace Preservation Act; but the consistency of Ministers is on the whole less important than life and property. There seems to be no reason why a prosecution for breach of the ordinary law should interfere with an application to Parliament for exceptional powers. Even if the two modes of proceeding were deemed incompatible, it is a more urgent duty to deal directly with anarchy and sedition than to punish past offences. It may be an interesting experiment to try whether the law which is openly and systematically defied is really powerless; but the business of statesmen is not to solve speculative problems, but to protect the community. Even if the Ministers were incapable of thinking of any interests except those of themselves and their party, they

would be well advised in trying to resume the abandoned task of governing Ireland. Their countrymen prefer the safety of society to the sanctity of constitutional cant.

Notwithstanding the common form in which official speakers recite their abhorrence of extraordinary legislation, only the enemies of order and justice and the sympathizers with the Land League doubt the expediency of silencing the demagogues, and of locking actual up or intending murderers, if it is impossible to convict them. If landlords are placed by modern Jacobins outside the pale of the law, poor tenants who may have offended against the agrarian code have some claim to compassion. Like ancient Oriental conquerors, Mr. PARNELL's virtuous clients punish women and children for the offences of culprits who have ventured to pay their rent. The perpetrators of outrages are not unfrequently known, and the more deliberate murders are generally committed by hired assassins from a distance. In former years of disturbance it has been found that the imprisonment of a few persons reasonably suspected has almost put an end to crimes of violence in a district. It is of course possible that in some cases supposed criminals may be unjustly accused; but there is not the smallest risk of intentional injustice, or even of frequent mistakes. If an innocent person by some infrequent error were to suffer a short imprisonment, his sufferings would be more tolerable than the tortures inflicted by the disciples of the Land League on contumacious tenant-farmers. In the Cabinet Councils which are about to begin, the state of Ireland will be the most pressing subject of consideration. The Ministers, as Lord CLONCERRY observes in his letter, will incur a grave responsibility if they decline to provide themselves with the powers which are by universal consent urgently and immediately required. It is scarcely possible that they should in present circumstances revive Mr. FORSTER's ill-judged threat of a Disturbance Bill to be used as a set off against a Peace Preservation Act; yet Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's language at Birmingham is not a little alarming. The recent agitation and the atrocities by which it has been accompanied are not, even by the demagogues themselves, attributed to oppressive evictions. It is on behalf of the tenant who remains undisturbed in his holding that the Land League claims perpetual possession and exemption from liability to payment of rent. There is no longer any pretext of agricultural distress to be used in excuse of irregular and unconstitutional projects of legislation. The impartiality which places on an equal footing the wrongdoer and the victim will not now be plausible or popular. It would seem that the rupture between the Government and Mr. PARNELL is complete, as he has resorted to the coarse practice of O'CONNELL by giving Mr. FORSTER a foolish nickname. Perhaps the trodden worm will turn, though it declined to resent worse injuries inflicted on other sufferers.

AFGHANISTAN.

THE report of a new rising in Cabul and of the murder of the AMEER has not as yet been confirmed. On the other hand, the Government is not in a position to formally contradict this report. All that appears to be known is that on the 16th—a fortnight ago—things were quiet at Cabul. Communication with Cabul is so completely suspended that the Indian authorities know nothing of what may take place there until, at any rate, many days have passed. All that can be said is that the report comes from a quarter which has shown itself on other occasions to be exceptionally well informed; and, as experience has shown, intelligence is spread through the native population in India in some mysterious manner, and with a rapidity which outstrips the imperfect means of European communication. Still, it must be said that, if the events took place at the date at which they must have taken place for the intelligence to have reached Lahore through any secret channel, enough time has now passed to make it strange that none of those who would have been endangered by an insurrection should have made their way to the shelter of the British lines. The balance of probability is therefore, perhaps, against the report being true; and we may hope to hear that ABDURRAHMAN is at this hour as firmly established at Cabul as he ever was. But every one who heard the report in England at once felt that there was nothing impossible or in-

trinsically improbable in the report. An insurrection and the murder of the reigning prince are incidents in the history of Cabul so familiar and frequent that there was nothing extraordinary in their befalling the last new man who has set himself up there. And if the report was assumed to be true, it was natural to ask whether we had been wise in giving up so quickly our hold on Cabul, withdrawing all support from the AMEER of our choice, and leaving him to take his own chance. A little reflection will show that, even if the AMEER had been overpowered and murdered, his fate would have been no argument against the wisdom of the policy adopted. If we had chosen, we might, by a sufficient expenditure of life and money, have annexed, not only Cabul, but all the dominion formerly belonging to SHEER ALL. We decided against annexation; and if Afghanistan was not to be annexed, it must be left to itself. A chief had to be found who offered a fair promise of being able to hold his own as a native independent prince. When we found such a man as ABDURRAHMAN we had to take care that he should be at once invested openly with the character which he was ready to assume, and which we wished he should assume. An independent Ameir under the guard of English guns is a contradiction in terms; and every day we remained at Cabul would have strengthened the impression that ABDURRAHMAN was not an Afghan chief, but one of those wretched pocket-princes of the English who are sure to perish the moment they are left to themselves. To have guarded ABDURRAHMAN for some months more and then left him would have been to have given him not a better but a worse chance. It was only by being regarded as really independent that he had any prospect of not being overpowered and murdered; and if, after all, fortune has gone against him, we shall at least have the satisfaction of having placed him in the only position which could give him the possibility of a better fate.

General PRIMROSE has at last told the story of the sortie from Candahar of the 16th of September. Why the sortie was made, what it was supposed that it could do, and what good it had done, were all puzzles awaiting the solution which no one but the General in command could give. General PRIMROSE now tells us the general result. The sortie was a brilliant success. He also tells us how that brilliant success was obtained. It was won by sending British troops beyond supporting distance into a village which they could not hold, by despatching cavalry to cover which had to be hastily withdrawn, and by leaving the British dead some days on the field of fight without any one daring to bring them in for burial. In what, then, did the brilliant success consist? Simply and solely in one thing. The British troops learnt not to be afraid of the Ghazis. From an Afghan point of view it might have been thought that the result of the encounter was to teach the Ghazis not to be afraid of the English. But then this had been already accomplished at Maiwand. It was the courage of those fighting under the British flag that now required a fillip. So low had their spirits sunk, that they could be strengthened and nerved by being sent in and out of a village to be picked off through loopholes, by finding the assistant cavalry suddenly withdrawn, and by looking for some days on the unburied bodies of their fallen comrades. These were things that, under other circumstances, might have been supposed likely to depress rather than elate; but the heads of our soldiers had only room for one proud triumphant thought. They had actually dared to stand up to the terrible Ghazi. It had been positively and definitely ascertained that when the British soldier and the Ghazi met the British soldier need not, and would not, shrink. This was the priceless result of the sortie, and so long as it was gained everything else was immaterial. General PRIMROSE describes himself as having supposed that other ends would be served by the sortie. He wanted to ascertain where the main strength of AYOOB's artillery was placed. In point of fact, he learnt nothing as to the position of the enemy's artillery. Then, again, the investment of Candahar was almost completed, and General PRIMROSE wished to break the ring. The sortie produced no kind of impression on the investing force, and it was not until eight days afterwards that AYOOB shifted his position, and left the road by which General PHAYRE was to advance comparatively open. It was the approach of General ROBERTS and the coming of General PHAYRE that caused AYOOB to move, and the sortie had not affected him in any way. One thing, and one thing only, had

been gained, and that was the restoration of British courage to the fighting point.

It must not be assumed that General PRIMROSE was wrong. It is sometimes necessary to make a fight, otherwise useless, for the mere purpose of giving tone to an army. It is obvious that, after the disaster of Maiwand, the British army at Candahar, beginning with the General himself, was in a state of utter panic. The British troops had unquestionably been beaten by the Ghazis, and driven headlong from a battlefield of their own choosing. General PRIMROSE immediately telegraphed that the army of his colleague had been annihilated, shut himself up in the citadel of Candahar, and patiently waited to see what would come next. He felt and acted like the General of conquered troops which can only be taught by degrees to do something against the conqueror. He felt and behaved, in fact, just as French generals behaved after the crushing victories of the Germans. Even if the general issue of the war could not be altered, the French commanders thought that it was worth while to throw away some lives in order to teach Frenchmen that they could dare to fight their awful conquerors. A panic-stricken general, commanding panic-stricken troops, may be acting according to his best lights if he orders such a sortie as that of the 16th of September, and may be perfectly natural and honest in speaking of it as a success. But it was a kind of success that after it was won must have given and must still give great satisfaction to the Afghans. How they were defeated by General ROBERTS they know perfectly well, and we know in detail, now that the despatches in which General ROBERTS describes the engagement have been published. The Afghans were defeated in a pitched battle by a large body of picked, hardened troops, led by a General of the highest fame and the most brilliant capacity, when every military precaution was taken, and everything that forethought and science could order was carried out to the letter. Against such a leader and such an army Afghans cannot hope to make a stand. But, on the whole, they are, as it is said, satisfied with AYOUB's campaign. They think more of Maiwand than of the victory of General ROBERTS, and possibly they may think more of the siege of Candahar than even of Maiwand. To have got an English General to describe a sortie as a brilliant success because it taught his soldiers to face Afghan troops is perhaps the greatest triumph Orientals have won over Europeans. It may be technically right that, in furnishing information to his superiors, General PRIMROSE should have given vent to the artless promptings of his modest mind; but the simple story of British panic is not only painful to read, but causes many misgivings as to the effect it may produce when it is read throughout the East, and passed from mouth to mouth by boasting Afghans.

GREECE AND EUROPE.

THE change of Ministry in Greece immediately after the opening of the Assembly has not been fully explained. If the constitutional practice of representative government is strictly followed at Athens, Mr. TRICOUPI must have been responsible for the warlike language of the KING. If, on the other hand, the Royal Speech was altered from the draft of the Minister, the Cabinet had no choice but to resign. The transaction is the more remarkable because it is believed that there is at present no difference of opinion between Mr. TRICOUPI and Mr. KOUMOUNDOUROU. Both probably share the national feeling, and all Greek politicians who are candidates for office must at present use the popular language. Those among them who may claim the character of statesmen probably reserve to themselves, when they threaten immediate war, the choice of time and opportunity. It is no imputation on the courage of themselves or their countrymen to assume that there is for the moment no serious purpose of attempting to execute the decrees of the Berlin Conference. But for the anomalous relations of the States of South-Eastern Europe, the KING's announcement of warlike designs would have been not only impolitic, but dangerous. If Turkey had been really independent, the challenge might have been properly answered by an immediate declaration of war, to be followed by a more effectual naval demonstration than that of the allied squadron in the Adriatic. In the present state of affairs the KING and

his advisers knew that the announcement of a warlike policy would be attended with immunity from all troublesome consequences, unless menaces were embodied in acts. The Porte has too many embarrassments on hand to begin unnecessarily a war in which victory would not lead to any valuable acquisition. The Turkish fleet might damage the Greek ports; but the most favourable result of a war would be the retention of Thessaly and Epirus, which need not be defended till they are threatened with immediate attack.

The advocates of the Greek cause, from the KING and his Ministers to the Greek residents who write letters to London newspapers, can scarcely be blamed for the inaccurate version of recent diplomatic proceedings in which they all concur. The European Governments, and especially England, are told that they have promised Greece a certain extension of territory, and that, if they fail to fulfil their undertaking, they will be morally responsible for the risks and losses which their deserted client may incur in executing their decision. The most plausible pretext for the complaint is the Conference of Berlin, which was assembled to discharge the anomalous function of an arbitrator acting on a one-sided submission. The Porte had ratified, by acquiescence, the vague recommendations of the Congress of 1878, having afterwards engaged in desultory and probably insincere negotiations for the settlement of the new frontier. If the litigation were conducted according to the principles of jurisprudence, the Government of the SULTAN would be held to the admission that some territorial readjustment is necessary and just. It was not, indeed, to be expected that Turkish diplomatists should acknowledge the superiority of Greek civilization to their own, or the discontent of the population which was to be relieved from alien rule. It was enough for the purpose to allow that, at the end of a great and disastrous war, it had for sufficient reasons become expedient to make concessions to a State which had taken no part in the contest. The Greek kingdom and its allies or protectors had established an indisputable right to the surrender by Turkey of the whole or part of Thessaly and Epirus. Indeed, within the last month, the Porte has in an elaborate Note offered to concede a part of the territory in dispute, though it still refuses to withdraw from Janina and other important points. The claim of the Greek Government to the larger cession is founded exclusively on the decision of the Congress of Berlin, to which the SULTAN was no party. The unanimous demand of the Great Powers is entitled to political and moral weight; but, if the independence of minor States is to be respected, it has no validity in international law. A war undertaken for the enforcement of the Berlin award would be neither more nor less justifiable than many other contests for objects which seem to the belligerents desirable and expedient. The French war with Austria in 1859 was approved by many English politicians because it promoted the liberation of Italy from foreign rule. Another party censured the disturbance of established order for purposes selected at the discretion of the aggressor. All the world sympathized with CAVOUR and VICTOR EMANUEL; and Lord PALMERSTON and Lord JOHN RUSSELL, with their followers, extended their approval to NAPOLEON III.; but it would have been almost impossible to find an intelligent Englishman who would have consented to the active participation of his own country in the war. An invasion of Turkey for the purpose of extending the dominions of the Greek kingdom would be in many respects analogous to the supposed policy of an alliance with France in 1859 against Austria. It may be doubted whether the popularity of Mr. GLADSTONE would survive such an enterprise; and it certainly would excite no enthusiasm if it took the form of a sequestration of the Customs revenues of Smyrna.

Mr. THEODORE RALLI and other hasty patriots have imprudently attempted to impose on the English nation and Government a responsibility which rests on a fiction. The KING himself countenances the statement that during the Russian war Greece was induced to abstain from seizure of the coveted territory by assurances on the part of the English Minister at Athens that a pacific policy would be rewarded at the peace by the enforced cession of the districts. Even the most zealous supporters of the Greek cause shrink from the further statement that Janina, Metzovo, and Prevesa were specifically mentioned as part of the territory which was to be acquired. The misstatement, which is perhaps repeated

in good faith, has been long since exposed. It is true that the English Government of the time dissuaded the Greeks from making an attack on Turkey in its extreme need which could have no moral or legal justification. The good counsel which was given may perhaps not have been suggested by exclusive regard to Greek interests; but it was enforced by the conclusive argument that in such a struggle the Greeks would be exposed to imminent danger. The Turks, as against the Russians, were masters of the sea, and their fleet was not at any time during the war fully employed. An invasion of Thessaly would have been immediately followed by the bombardment of the Greek ports without possibility of retaliation. It is also doubtful whether an invasion of Turkish territory by Greek levies would have been successful. In Epirus, if not in Thessaly, indigenous resistance might probably have proved too much for the invaders. Much excuse is to be made for zeal in a national cause, especially when, as in the present instance, the instinct of patriotism coincides with a just estimate of the general welfare; but Greek advocates will not be well advised in claiming as a right the aid which they may probably not solicit in vain as a favour.

It is not necessary to accept literally the statement of the new PRIME MINISTER to the Chamber, that the Greek Government intends to rely on itself, and not to depend exclusively on the policy of the Great Powers. It would be impossible to obtain either the support of the country or the necessary Parliamentary sanction for the maintenance and increase of the army, except by professed readiness for war. The reasons against a hasty rupture with Turkey seem at a distance to be conclusive; but in political calculations it is never safe to rely on apparent expediency or even on probability. It is, after all, possible that the Greek army may, without ostensible allies, be ordered to cross the frontier. There would perhaps be no serious difficulty in occupying the districts which the Turks have from the first professed their readiness to cede. It is not likely that great military preparations have been made in Thessaly or in the southern part of Epirus; and the Greek commander might perhaps be directed not to attack immediately the strong positions in which he might encounter both the Albanians and the Turkish regular troops. If war is declared, the decisive measure will probably indicate an understanding which is not otherwise known to exist between the Greeks and the other enemies of Turkey; yet the policy of an alliance with Bulgaria, or with Slavonic insurgents in East Roumelia and Macedonia, would be highly questionable. There is some force in the suggestion that, to a great extent, the interests of the Greek nation, if not of the existing kingdom, may be reconciled with those of Turkey. There is no room for Greek influence or intellectual predominance in the wholly or partially emancipated provinces.

ITALY.

THE POPE's speech removes any doubt as to what may be termed the permanent official view of the holders of the See of St. Peter as to the relations of the Papacy to the Kingdom of Italy. They are the views which not only LEO XIII., but every possible Pope, must necessarily hold. In real life everything depends on the mode in which the official holder of these views thinks right, or is guided by his own character or the circumstances of the time, to apply them. They may be equally held by a Pope who is an open adversary of Italy, or by one who asks the world to look on the agonies he is passively enduring, or by one who makes the best of bad things and acts in a spirit of conciliation and compromise. But if a Pope speaks of his position at all, he must at least speak of it in language as decisive as that used by LEO XIII. He has lost the temporal power enjoyed for centuries by his predecessors. He cannot affect not to deplore the loss, he cannot speak as if a wrong had not been done him, he cannot abandon his claim to have his own again. The special point, however, to which LEO XIII. now draws attention is the insufficiency of the substitute for the Temporal Power which has now been given him. He is asked by his adversaries to own that he has got all that he can reasonably want, and he entirely declines to admit that he has got anything of the kind. He is told that he is treated with every honour befitting his dignity. He replies that priests are insulted in Rome, and that a day of re-

joicing has just been held to commemorate the awful hour when the sacrilegious troops of VICTOR EMMANUEL broke by force into his city and made themselves masters of Rome. He is told that his spiritual authority is unquestioned; and he replies that congregations formed to support him are broken up, that his bulls need an *exequatur* before they can run in Italy, and that the State claims to control his nominations to bishoprics. He is told that if he looks on Italian Rome he can see nothing to offend him openly; and he replies that Rome has under his very eyes been desecrated by such foul dens of heresy as Protestant churches being allowed to rise in its streets. A Pope would not be a Pope who did not mourn when rude men show their dislike of priests, who did not regard the forcible occupation of Rome as a wicked act, who did not take the side of the Church in the old quarrel about bulls and bishoprics, and who did not regard the erection of an heretical temple as an eyesore and an offence. But, although the present POPE is as decisive in speaking of these things as every Pope must be, the tone he adopts differs greatly from that habitually employed by his predecessor. There is nothing like spiritual thundering in his speech. There are no denunciations of the KING and people of Italy. He utters a quiet gentlemanly protest against the supposition that he has nothing to pardon and nothing to regret, and leaves the world outside the Vatican to go on much in its own way.

That portion of the world which comes nearest to him in his retreat will in a few days have such excitement and interest offered to it as is provided by the assembling of the Italian Parliament. It is not probable that when the Parliament meets it will have much time or thought to give to the POPE or his troubles. It will be occupied with asking the Government to explain and defend its policy at home and abroad. Nothing has happened in the recess which in any country but Italy would be thought likely to shake such confidence as is felt in the Ministry. Not even the best-informed Italians pretend to have any means of foretelling when a Ministry is going to fall, and the present Ministry may come any day to an end. But there seems to be nothing that has been done by it, or that has happened to it lately, to cause if immediate uneasiness. GARIBALDI has been at Genoa, but then he has gone away again. He has tendered the resignation of his seat as a deputy, but then he has withdrawn his resignation. The Government had the good sense to take his visit with extreme quietness. It paid him every respect, and allowed admiring crowds to cheer him, to follow him, and to sit all night outside an hotel where not a glimpse of him was to be seen. Not hurriedly, but in due course of time, the KING pardoned GARIBALDI's son-in-law, whose short, but not uncomfortable, stay in prison would have been still shorter had not the eccentric idol of Italy thought proper to land at Genoa in the character of an avenging angel. The Government so managed matters that exactly the right amount of respect was paid at once to GARIBALDI and to the law. The breeze, if a faint flutter of hot wind deserves to be called a breeze, that sprang up between France and Italy about the acquisition of a railway in Tunis by an Italian Company, seems to have died away; and in the famous naval demonstration Italy took the part that became her. She did exactly as much and exactly as little as her neighbours, letting it be guessed, however, that, if she had to be guided by any Power, she would turn in preference to England. The troubles that await the Italian Ministry are domestic rather than foreign. It, like the English Liberal Ministries of old days, is haunted by the promise of a Reform Bill which it is equally unable to neglect and to frame. But, as usual, it is finance that again promises to be the crucial question of Italian politics; and this time, it is supposed, the question will assume a very large and important form. Italy is bound to the other members of the Latin Union to redeem, within a time which is fast running away, the small silver coins which have been driven out of the country by the forced paper currency. It is indispensable to the restoration of a sound state of Italian finance that the volume of this most objectionable currency should be diminished. But it can only be seriously diminished by a large outlay of money, which with Italy means a large loan. The credit of Italy is now good, and there has recently been a considerable rise in the price of the Italian funds. But in order to borrow largely, without affecting unfavourably the

national credit, it will be necessary to offer such a reasonable scheme of general finance that the Parliament and the nation will be satisfied that the proposed operation will be not only beneficial to the country, but well within its means. To draft such a scheme, to complete its details, and above all to get the Parliament to accept it, is a task so difficult that the MINISTER OF FINANCE will cover himself and his colleagues with glory if he accomplishes it.

The death of Baron RICASOLI has swept another name off the roll of veteran Italian statesmen. In his later years Baron RICASOLI lived in retirement, but few men did more for Italy in his day. As dictator of Tuscany after the settlement of Villafranca, he carried, by the ascendancy due to his high character and his unwavering firmness, the annexation of the Grand Duchy to Piedmont. When CAVOUR died, it was RICASOLI who was thought most fit to succeed him. When LA MARMORA went to take the command of the Italian army in the war of 1866, it was RICASOLI who was charged with the difficult duty of presiding over the Ministry which remained to watch how Venetia by arts or arms was to be won for Italy. It was by the zealous concert of the best men of all classes that the independence of Italy was won, and RICASOLI was one of the best specimens of Italian patriots who belonged to the ancient territorial aristocracy. Honourable to a scruple, calm, reserved, and almost stern, he won the lasting respect of his countrymen, of whose character he represented a side familiar of course to Italians, but unsuspected by those foreign critics who appear to evolve their conception of Italians out of the study of organ-grinders. The memory of another Italian statesman, who belonged in many respects to the same school as RICASOLI, has lately been revived by the unveiling of a monument erected at Barletta in honour of MASSIMO D'AZEGLIO. The best days of MASSIMO D'AZEGLIO were over before those of RICASOLI began. He had fought with CHARLES ALBERT in the war of 1848, and was the first Prime Minister of VICTOR EMMANUEL. It was he who first invited CAVOUR to a seat in the Cabinet, and he had the sense to see and the modesty to own that, with the little man at his side, he was one of those who reign but do not govern. When, years afterwards, CAVOUR sent the Piedmontese troops to the Crimea, MASSIMO D'AZEGLIO gave a hearty support to what seemed a very hazardous undertaking. If he did not contribute greatly to the establishment of Italian unity, he contributed very largely to make the kingdom of Piedmont fit to become the corner-stone of Italian unity; and Italian unity could never have been established had not Italy had, besides CAVOUR and patriotism, a King who deserved to reign over a great nation, and a band of statesmen round the King who had learnt experience, faced difficulties, and maintained sound and just principles in a small but free State. Other men like-minded, but necessarily with a different past, were found ready to work with the statesmen of Piedmont as one portion of Italy after another came into the fold; and Italy in a large measure became the Italy of VICTOR EMMANUEL because such men as RICASOLI were ready to take up the work of such men as MASSIMO D'AZEGLIO.

SPEECHES OF THE WEEK.

WITH the first snows have come the first political speeches of the winter. It is unusual, especially at a time which cannot be said to have been a quiet or uneventful time, for so little talking to be done as has been done as yet in this autumn. But the lateness of the Session; the absolute need of some rest which must have been felt by the most resolutely talkative of legislators; and a not unnatural feeling on the part of the Opposition that a superfluity of comment would weaken their case against the Government may probably account for the lull. It has, as we have said, been broken this week in good earnest. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE has indeed spoken only on non-political topics. But, independently of the smaller fry, Lord SALISBURY for the Opposition, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN for the Government, and Mr. COWEN for the independent Liberals, have delivered themselves, the first two on both of the pressing questions of the hour, the third on Ireland only. Mr. COWEN's speech contained the mixture of shrewdness and "viewiness," of practical good sense and vague theoretical Radicalism, which is usual in his speeches. No one perhaps has gone more to the root of the matter

than Mr. COWEN in his remark that it would strike most Englishmen as unfair that a tenant should be at liberty to get the highest price he could for his goodwill if a landlord was to be restricted in the rent he might ask. This is the sort of thing that everybody can understand, and that it would puzzle the adroitest Land Leaguer to answer in any manner likely to satisfy an impartial person. Yet at the same time Mr. COWEN is reported (though it must be confessed that the reports of his speech differ strangely) to have landed the hopeless Land League plan of State purchase and gradual redemption by the tenants—a plan the absurdity of which Mr. P. J. SMITH made manifest, though indeed the demonstration was not needed by any one who had the slightest knowledge of Irish history or of Irish character.

The speeches of the late Foreign Secretary and of the PRESIDENT of the BOARD of TRADE were naturally of more practical interest. In particular Mr. CHAMBERLAIN may be said to have slipped, purposely or unawares, into a declaration of some importance when he said that "the Government were bound to find some means of giving to the Irish tenants some right or interest in the soil which they tilled, which should not be in the power of absentee landlords." We do not know that anything quite so explicit has yet been said by any member of the Government, and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN may be congratulated on the happy manner in which he has emulated his chief's peculiar knack of saying the unwise things. For, if the tenants of absentee landlords are to have preferential advantages over the tenants of resident landlords, there is a clear inducement to drive the resident landlord out of the country. There are plenty of ears in Ireland quite open to hear and digest this teaching. Beyond a glowing description of the extraordinarily good time coming in regard to commercial matters, and an oratorical insinuation that Lord SANDON was a thief, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's other utterances were chiefly personal. It is interesting, no doubt, to know that the magic wand of the present Government, besides pacifying Ireland and finally settling the map of Eastern Europe, is going to quiet once for all the demands of Mr. PLIMSOLL, to settle the relations of the Railway Companies and the public on an ideal basis, to perfect the Patent Laws, the Bankruptcy Laws, and a few other trifling "arrears of the late Government," as Mr. CHAMBERLAIN put it, in a phrase which is a triumph of probably unintentional humour. But his hearers, no doubt, took still greater interest in the personal explanations of their member. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN gave Birmingham a lively history of his *nolo episcopari*, and of the considerations of public duty which made him submit to the painful process of being put above his dear friend Sir CHARLES DILKE. "It was a painful thing, a very painful thing," as another person of eminence once remarked. But Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's sense of duty steeled him to bear it; and it is a singular instance of the goodness of the upper powers that men almost always have a sense of duty vouchsafed to them which steels them to bear similar inflictions. These revelations were no doubt intensely interesting to Birmingham, just as, had the matter been the other way, parallel revelations would no doubt have been intensely interesting to Chelsea. But the world at large may possibly, such is the irreverence of that world, contemplate them with less respect than amusement, mingled perhaps with a little surprise that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN should so openly show his opinion of the mental calibre of his constituents.

It has often been suggested that the recent inventions of Professor BELL and his rivals, if they could be thoroughly perfected, would enable cynical persons to enjoy a singularly delightful pastime. A telephonic arrangement by which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's words from Birmingham and Lord SALISBURY's from Taunton could have entered the right and left ears of a person able to employ both organs simultaneously, would certainly have provided this rarity. The PRESIDENT of the BOARD of TRADE, to do him justice, did not attempt to discuss either Albanian or Irish questions at any length. As to the former he said that he had nothing to say, because the transparent openness of his Government rendered it perfectly unnecessary to say anything. Anybody who had heard or read their speeches last spring was, according to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, in just as good a position to know all about what they had been doing or were going to do as Mr. GLADSTONE's most trusted confidants. It is odd that Lord SALISBURY, who generally passes, even with his enemies, for a

man of some penetration, seems to be entirely unable to read these delightfully open riddles. Lord SALISBURY, it is to be observed, did not fall into the error into which it is in some quarters assumed that every hostile critic of the policy of the present Government must fall—the error of arguing against the Treaty of Berlin. He admits the strict legal obligation under which the SULTAN lies to cede Dulcigno, and only questions the wisdom of the violent, or apparently violent, enforcement of the cession, now that it is obvious that the persons aggrieved by it are not so much the SULTAN and his Ministers as the Albanians whose allegiance is transferred. But, if Lord SALISBURY had to tread with some wariness the labyrinth of the Berlin Treaty, the same cannot be said of his comments on the actual methods of persuasion resorted to by the Government, and on the still graver question of the probable extension of those methods to objects of much more importance than the transference of a hamlet on the sea-coast from very valiant and uncivilized persons who do not cut off the lips and noses of their prisoners to very valiant and uncivilized persons who do. In the absolute secrecy in which the Government have wrapped up their intentions—perhaps, after all, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is not far wrong, for the speeches of last winter and spring are nearly as effective hiding-places as the proverbial bottle of hay for the proverbial needle—no one knows what is to be done in Thessaly any more than what is being done in Albania. No one can pretend—or rather, as that is in these days a rash assertion, let us say that no one can succeed in showing—that the Berlin Treaty binds the SULTAN to give one foot of land to Greece, or that the Powers are entitled by that treaty to enforce the giving, even with guns half of which at least are warranted not to go off. Yet the interest and importance which Lord SALISBURY attaches to the knowledge of what is to be done in this thorny matter can hardly be thought exaggerated, now that the sons of the Greeks are writing brave words about Christian armies and such like things. It is true that it is rather a habit of the sons of the Greeks to write and speak brave words; perhaps they hope to establish their parentage by the trait.

As the winter advances we must look forward, no doubt, to a great increase of such eloquence. We wish we could look forward to a diminution in the gravity of the events which are likely to call it forth. It is unfortunate, but unavoidable, that the discussion must more than ever take the form of recrimination. "You are carrying on secret transactions," says the one party. "So did you when you were in office," says the other. Of course the retort is hopelessly weak in the circumstances; but this is of less importance than the unprofitable nature of such a discussion at any time. There are as yet no signs that the singular *carte blanche* which a majority of the constituencies gave to Mr. GLADSTONE to manage the Eastern question at his will has been seriously retracted, and until there are such signs a certain unreality must unnecessarily attach to hostile criticism of the way in which he chooses to fill up the blank. Logically, every word that Lord SALISBURY said the other night is irresistible. But Mr. GLADSTONE and logic are two things which never, except perhaps for a brief period at Oxford under the auspices of Dean ALDRICH, have had much to say to one another. The Irish matter is more likely to give scope to the critics. There are not wanting signs that some of the staunchest supporters of the Government are shocked at the prevailing anarchy, and at the apparent resolve of the Government to deal with it, not by the only means which have hitherto proved effectual, but the slow and generally futile method of prosecuting individual agitators. Mr. WATKIN WILLIAMS is not a person of much importance, but his remarks on the subject at Liverpool the other night may have something more than a personal significance.

BRIBERY.

ONE characteristic of the disclosures elicited by the Election Commissioners is the monotony of the processes of corruption. The same causes in similar circumstances produce the same results; and there can be no doubt that they operate in boroughs which have avoided exposure. Some of the worst constituencies have been saved from inquiry by the knowledge of both parties that

gross corruption was practised by themselves as well as by their adversaries. There are probably not many candidates who, like the petitioner against the return for Sandwich, engage in a contest in the character of private detectives; nor, perhaps, are there many who have so pleasing a faith in the incorruptibility of electors as Mr. CROMPTON-ROBERTS. Another local peculiarity of Sandwich and Deal is that the candid and unprejudiced electors took bribes on both sides, giving nevertheless due weight to the more liberal offer. In other boroughs, as in Gloucester and Chester, the managers professed to have been tempted into dishonest practices by their knowledge or assumption that the other party was bribing and treating, and that it was hopeless to persevere in the contest except by adopting the same methods. At Macclesfield, a principal agent expressed to the simple-minded candidate a natural regret that he was not allowed to go in and win. The market was open, the competitor was buying freely, and there was still no doubt that the highest bidder would be preferred. There is reason to doubt whether, in any of the cases which have been investigated, the offenders have been tempted into wrong by the practices of their opponents. Bribery has in those places long been an established institution, and the managers have not had occasion to wait for novel precedents. Nothing is more remarkable than the modest price of votes in some of the boroughs. Intelligent electors have been contented for ten, fifteen, or twenty shillings to support, as the case may have been, the virtuous Mr. GLADSTONE or the daring Lord BEACONSFIELD.

The late increase or recrudescence of bribery may be largely attributed to the Reform Bill of 1867. It was perhaps not the worst quality of the voters who were then added to the constituent body that many of them had no political opinions. They found themselves in possession of a saleable commodity of no value to themselves except for the purpose of a bargain. At the election of 1868 defeated candidates in many places asserted that they could, if they had thought it right and safe, have bought a majority at the rate of half-a-crown a head. Others, who may have been less scrupulous or less timid, probably took advantage of the opportunity. The prevalence of direct corruption was regarded with comparatively little anxiety, when the new Parliament, after a year's hesitation on the part of the House of Lords, passed the Ballot Act, which was to make bribery impossible. The advocates of secret voting argued, with much plausibility, that no prudent man would pay large sums for an article of which he could not secure delivery. They also contended that bribed voters, not being persons of honour and delicacy, would probably spoil the market by habitually cheating their customers. It was impossible to test plausible and probable anticipations except by experience. All parties, with the exception of practical professors of the electioneering art, have been surprised to find that there is honour among corrupt voters, and that candidates or their agents rely with reason on the good faith of a crowd of cynical rascals. The same astonishment was expressed by BURKE, in a speech quoted by Mr. TREVELYAN on the New Shoreham election of 1772. "I am shocked," he said, "at the wisdom to be found in these transactions. I am shocked at the virtue, at the principles of honour and trust, on which these men acted, principles deserving a better cause." The Ballot has done good in diminishing disorder and intimidation, though it has weakened or destroyed much wholesome influence. But the practice of bribery appears to have been wholly unaffected by the change. If a scandal which ought not to be tolerated is to be removed, some new device must be invented to counteract it. Mr. FORSTER was hasty in justifying his late attack on the House of Lords by the incredulity with which ten or eleven years ago it received his assurances of the beneficent efficacy of the Ballot. An alternative remedy may perhaps in the first instance provoke equal scepticism amongst legislators selected, as Mr. FORSTER says, by the accident of birth.

A writer in the *Times*, with the statesmanlike foresight by which that journal is distinguished, proposes the disfranchisement of all boroughs of the size of Gloucester and Chester by swamping them in electoral districts. A town of thirty or forty thousand inhabitants would, it seems, be entitled, in an equal division, only to two-thirds or three-fourths of a single member, and the magnitude of the new constituencies would reduce

or destroy the pecuniary value of a vote. The suggestion would not be frivolous on the part of a thoughtful democrat who deliberately desired to concentrate all power in the hands of popular agitators and orators. Enormous constituencies, though they are exposed to every other bad influence, are comparatively exempt from direct bribery. The corrupt class in the United States is not the mass of voters, but the professional managers who manipulate elections. The populace is paid by deference to its passions and its prejudices, while its confidential advisers secure to themselves more substantial rewards. It is possible that future extensions of the suffrage in the United Kingdom may, on the whole, tend to diminish bribery; but the first instalment of further Parliamentary reform will almost certainly aggravate the mischief. The recipients of bribes belong, with few exceptions, to the poorest class of voters, being either small householders enfranchised in 1867, or the residue of the ancient freemen. The present Government is pledged to confer the suffrage on the agricultural labourers, who are for the most part poorer and less instructed than the working class in boroughs. Unless they are stimulated and controlled by demagogues, the future rural constituencies will, as a rule, have no political opinions, and labourers will see no reason for refusing to sell their votes to the willing purchaser. The counties, which are believed to have been hitherto exempt from direct bribery, will, after the next election, probably furnish an ample field for the detective sagacity of a new batch of Commissioners. It is true that revolutionary passion or cupidity may at any time supersede the influence of money; but the purifying tendency of political tempests is no compensation for the ruin which they inflict. Some political critics have expressed the paradoxical opinion that corruption is not the worst peculiarity of American institutions.

It is not satisfactory that legislation and government should be in any degree controlled by the nominees of electors who have sold their votes. The venal constituents whose misdeeds have lately been exposed have no moral right to political power; but it is a strange conclusion that they would be entitled to greater respect and deference if they could be compelled to give gratuitous votes. Their acceptance of bribes is only an illustration, and not a cause, of their unfitness to choose fit representatives. The best service which they could render to their country would be to defeat the purpose of democratic Reform Bills by declining to vote. This is, in fact, the course which has in some cases been followed where bribes were not forthcoming. In the absence of pecuniary motives, the votes of corruptible electors are most likely to be given on the wrong side. The Birmingham organization, as compared with the Gloucester and Macclesfield system, recalls the memory of THURLOW's hesitation between two candidates for a high judicial post:—"I don't know which is worse, the intemperance of A. or the corruption of B.," but the CHANCELLOR further remarked, "Not but what there is a great deal of corruption in A.'s intemperance, and a great deal of intemperance in B.'s corruption." There is apparently a good deal of corruption in the party zeal of the Three Hundreds and Four Hundreds; and even deputations from Birmingham itself have not escaped suspicion. The secretaries or officers of the new fangled Clubs have already begun to take part in the business of bribery. At Chester the Liberal candidates thought it prudent to separate themselves from the local Liberal Association, that they might not be responsible for its probably questionable proceedings. They afterwards found to their cost that they had only eliminated one among many elements of corruption; but they had no reason to regret that preliminary precaution. It is but too probable that the late revelations will serve as a pretext for further extension and equalization of the suffrage. The Ballot Act is not likely to be repealed; nor indeed can it be justly denounced as the cause of abuses which it has merely failed to correct. The unfitness of a part of the present constituency to discharge its duties will not be removed by the admission of a still more incompetent class, or by the total destruction of the greatly diminished influence of property and education.

SPAIN BY A SPANIARD.

A WORK appeared some months ago which had the rare merit of being written by a Spaniard about Spain and at the same time of telling the truth about the country of the writer without reserve and without bitterness. The author was the Marquis of RISCAL, and a summary of his work was composed with much care and clearness by M. LOUIS LANDE, whose untimely death gives a value to all he left behind him. Señor DE RISCAL draws a picture of Spain which is evidently taken from the life, and he has pondered over the facts he has accumulated long enough to trace evils to their sources, and to see what remedies would be effectual if they could only be applied. To Spaniards such a work would be invaluable if they would study it until the lessons it teaches sank into their minds. But, if Spaniards would read and could profit by it, Spain would not be the country it is now; and the author has the good sense to let it be understood that he is aware that his appeal is made to ears that will not hear and to eyes that will not see. To foreigners it is a matter of some interest to know what Spain is really like; but for them a mere knowledge of Spain is not the chief gain they can derive from this work. Spain is only one of numerous countries which are at a particular point and a low point in the scale of modern civilization. When we have once clearly ascertained the precise standard reached by such a country, we can not only place others on a par with it or above it, but can apply a series of tests by which we can ascertain the real meaning of the superiority in civilization which we attribute to one nation over another. Englishmen may be permitted to say that, if these tests are applied, England, in spite of some shortcomings, seems to have been more successful than any other European country; yet Englishmen cannot but remind themselves how comparatively recent is the time in their history when things were very different, and when many of the evils depicted by Señor DE RISCAL had their counterpart here.

The first thing which any one living in any State needs is personal security. In Spain there is not much actual murder, but there is a rampant brigandage which only stops short of murder provided it can rob without it. Even in Madrid itself, in one of the finest and most frequented streets, a member of the Senate was, only two years ago, kept prisoner in his own bedroom and threatened with death until he paid the ransom demanded of him. Bands of robbers, as is only too well known, haunt the mountain districts even in the neighbourhood of the capital. The brigands are said to have friends in very high places; they exercise a terror which prevents quiet people from daring to give evidence against them; they walk out of prison if they are put into it; and when they hold land they pay to the Government just the amount of taxes that they think convenient. Justice again is slow in most countries, but in Spain it scarcely moves at all. Every process is secret, and everything is carried on in writing. The pile of papers heaped up in reference to the murder of General PRIM ten years ago mounts up and up; but it is not even yet thought high enough, and a trial seems as far off as ever. The Government is as unable as any one else to ensure a speedy conviction, and if it really wants to get rid of notorious criminals, it shoots them on the pretext that they are trying to escape. In minor matters there is the same inevitable delay; and in 1879 the official Gazette announced that a witness was wanted in reference to a railway accident that occurred in 1864. Every Administration, too, invents new rules and wants things to be done in its own style; and, whenever proceedings have been pushed forwards a stage, compliance with some new regulation is exacted, and the matter is, and always remains, just where it was. As a last resource, forgery is called in, on the chance that it may expedite the course of business when nothing else will. Next to robbery with violence, forgery appears to be the favourite failing of the nation. Even brigands forge, so that they may show themselves as good and as civilized as their neighbours. Not long ago in one of the principal ports of the Mediterranean a cargo of goods was got through the Custom-house duty-free by means of a whole set of documents forged in the Custom-house itself. And so notorious and so general is the practice, that when it appeared that forgeries of coupons of the State debt had been made actually in the office where the debt is supposed to be

controlled, the MINISTER of FINANCE mildly replied to questioners in the Chamber, that in a country where coin, banknotes, and every kind of private document were habitually imitated, no one could wonder that the same ingenuity should be employed in forging State coupons.

On some of the better-known failings of the country it is not necessary to dwell. Spanish finance is always in a mess. Accounts are never finally made up—that, for example, of the African war being still open. No Budget is ever meant to tell a story that will bear examination, and the increase of the floating debt and the partial spoliation of the creditor are sources from which relief is boldly and habitually drawn. The Minister of Finance knows that he is not responsible to any one. He belongs to the Ministry, and the Ministry which has determined how every election shall go, and has given seats to the Opposition as well as to its supporters, does not consider itself accountable to the Chamber of its own creation. It is indeed the key to everything else in Spain that a Ministry makes itself, and when it is made, it makes everything else. It makes the Chamber; it replaces every official from the top to the bottom. But in a remote way the public affects a Ministry, for it terminates its existence. The Ministry of the day is fiercely attacked by every one who has lost, or who hopes for, employment. At length there is a rumble of indignation before which the Ministry bows, to be replaced by another which does exactly the same thing. As a rule, the country is profoundly indifferent, for it has the indifference of habitual stagnation. There is scarcely any commerce in Spain except what is in the hands of foreigners. Bills of exchange are almost unknown. There are railways, but no roads to them; adjoining districts are so entirely cut off from each other that the population of one may be starving while that of the other is obliged to sell its wheat for a song; and while a large part of the good soil of the country is untilled, any one who is ambitious enough to improve his property finds his gain gone by the Government pouncing on him for new taxes. What little the people can save they put into lotteries, and although there are Spanish enterprises which are quoted on the Bourse, no prices are given, as no one thinks it worth while to deal in them. Fortunes are, indeed, occasionally made in Spain, when, as has happened at a great pinch, the Government borrows at the rate of a hundred per cent.

This is a dark picture, and, if it is accepted as true, it must strike every reader at once that Spain as thus described is exactly like the Spanish colonies of America, is very like Turkey, but a little above it, and very like Greece and Roumania, but a little below them. It is perhaps true that the picture is somewhat too dark. Every detail may be accurate, but the general air given may be too sombre. Bad as Spanish finance may be, and poor as the country may be, Spain pays something to her creditors, and is said to be on the eve of proposing an arrangement which will benefit them while it reduces the yearly charge she has to meet, and which it is asserted can be carried out by the Government tapping the money that is hoarded by very humble people. Nothing, however, can shake the main positions of Señor DE RISCAL. He wants, as all serious thinkers want, to go to the root of the evils he describes. If it is asked what is to be done, he replies that some things are so obvious that to state them is to show that they must be done unless the country is content to stay for ever where it is. The administration of the law must be recast. There must be a decently paid irremovable magistracy. There must be a gendarmerie the members of which are not changed with every new Administration. Proceedings must be open, not secret, and oral, not in writing. The Civil Code must be completed, and there must be enough judges, properly trained and properly paid, to dispense civil business. Secondly, the army of officials, living and plundering on a precarious tenure of their posts, must be cut down, and the remnant, with the exception of a few of the very highest rank, must be secured permanently in their offices. Lastly, all ordinary placemen and Government contractors should be excluded from the Chamber; the electors should return their own members, and should return none but honourable and well-known men; while the Chamber should make the Ministry, and not the Ministry the Chamber. No doubt all these things are good, and much to be desired for Spain; but in England we know with what efforts, after how long a time, and in some respects how imperfectly, we have obtained them. How are Spaniards to begin not to be Spaniards?

Señor DE RISCAL suggests that it would be an admirable stimulant of healthy opinion if a paper of a high class, rigidly impartial, full of information, and enforcing the highest principles, could be started, made to pay, and circulated through the country. He is, however, alive to the initial difficulty that, as things are now, such a paper, if started, would be at once suppressed. But he also suggests, and it is the only suggestion that is practicable, that those who wish to do great things for Spain should begin by doing little things. An honest Spaniard need not sit with his hands folded, or only raised to lift his cigarette, because he cannot remodel the law, the electorate, and the bureaucracy of his country. He must begin with something, and if he wishes to begin, all experience shows that the very best thing he can do is to bestir himself in the region of finance. Financial reform has two great attractions. It almost alone of reforms awakens no religious bitterness, and it finds well-wishers in every taxpayer who does not live on the taxes. An Opposition leader who could forego the pleasure of thundering against the general iniquity of his opponents might do his adversaries more harm and himself and his country much more good by making himself master not only of the details, but of the general scheme, of the Budget. And those who keep out of the arena of active politics, and yet wish to enlighten and stimulate their countrymen, cannot do anything more profitable than to examine and explain the incidence of taxation, and the general pecuniary needs and resources of the nation.

BRITISH FARMING.

THE publication of the Agricultural Returns throws light upon the condition and prospects of British agriculture at the close, as we may hope, of one of the most trying crises through which it has ever passed. A long succession of bad wheat harvests, culminating in 1879 in the worst of the century, and aggravated in that year by unsatisfactory crops of all kinds and by destructive sheep disease, would, under any conditions, have told severely upon our farmers. But at former periods they would have been able in a large measure to throw their losses upon the community at large by raising the prices of their corn and cattle. Now they have been unable to do this, because at the moment when European seasons were at their worst those of America were excellent; and as it also happened that at that time an exceptionally large proportion of the American population was engaged in agriculture, American competition forced down prices, even in departments which had previously been believed secure against competition.

Every one has heard of the consequent agricultural distress, resulting in England in a general reduction of rents, in the throwing-up of farms, and a difficulty of finding new tenants; and, in some districts of Ireland, in actual famine. What has been the effect upon cultivation of this unprecedented combination of disasters? Bad seasons, however prolonged and however severe, must, in the natural course of things, come to an end some time. Were it, therefore, only bad seasons that the farmers had to contend against, we should expect them to struggle on doggedly, and to be supported in doing so by the landlords and their other creditors. But American competition may be expected to continue, not perhaps in all its recent severity, but still keenly enough to have a depressing effect on those who are exposed to it. On the whole, however, the disheartening effects of these accumulated and prolonged difficulties have not been as great as might have been anticipated. At first sight, indeed, it seems as if there had been actual progress, in spite of all the adverse circumstances we have mentioned. And so, no doubt, there has been in certain respects, and in certain portions of the country. In Great Britain, for example, the cultivated area has increased to the extent of 1,694,000 acres as compared with 1870; or, as Mr. GIFFEN puts it in his Introduction to the Returns, an acreage larger than the whole surface of Devonshire has been added to the area under cultivation in the last ten years. Even compared with 1879, there is an increase this year of 126,000 acres. This last fact is very striking at a first view. It is a recognized principle of political economy, or rather of common sense, that new capital does not continue to be invested year after year in a trade unless that trade is profitable; and here we have

the fact that during the past ten years, in spite of exceptionally bad seasons and foreign competition, reclaiming, draining, fencing, clearing, and tilling have rescued, as it were, a great county from barrenness and made it useful to man. It would seem to follow that the talk about distress, if not without foundation, is grossly exaggerated. But it must be borne in mind that these Agricultural Returns are of very recent date in Great Britain; that at first they were extremely defective; and that they have gradually been made more correct, though they are still far from being what they might be if the Statistical Department of the Board of Trade possessed fuller legal powers. In other words, much of the increase we have noted is merely nominal, being due to improved returns alone. Further, nobody pretends that farming has everywhere and in all cases been unprofitable. And it is also to be borne in mind that bare fallow—that is, land ploughed up, but not under crop—is included in the area officially described as cultivated, and therefore fields thrown upon the hands of landlords and left untilled go to swell the acreage under cultivation. It is enough to state this fact to show how fallacious is the mere increase of what is called the cultivated area. Practically, holdings which are untenanted, and are neither stocked nor tilled by the landlord, constitute land gone out of cultivation. Now the returns show a large increase of bare fallow, or uncropped arable land, and the increase is largest in Essex, Hampshire, Wiltshire, Lincolnshire, Berkshire, Oxfordshire, Gloucestershire, and Devonshire—that is, in the most fertile counties of England.

Coming now to somewhat more minute detail, we are surprised to find an increase this year, as compared with last, in the acreage under wheat. It will be recollected, however, that from first to last the harvest year 1879 was exceptionally bad. This year, on the contrary, the seedtime was very favourable. While London was afflicted by months of almost constant fog, the country was rejoicing in bright, dry weather, most favourable to the preparation of the ground for the seed. Accordingly, several of the returning officers state that an additional acreage was sown. But from other parts of the country the officers report a decrease, because of the number of vacant farms. On the balance, however, there is an increase of 19,000 acres. Looking back to the earliest of the returns, we observe fluctuations from year to year, due to special and temporary causes; but the general tendency is decidedly towards decrease. Thus, for the ten years to which we have extended our review, the area under wheat has fallen from 3,500,543 to 2,909,000 acres, a decrease of more than 591,000 acres, or almost 24 per cent. It is, however, to be observed that in 1874 the wheat acreage was actually greater than in 1870, and that it was not till 1876 that the decline became serious; and even then there was recovery in the two following years. In short, previously to 1879, the wheat acreage only once fell below three million acres. It remains to be seen, therefore, whether better times will not witness a resumption of wheat-growing on a considerable scale. Meanwhile, the past two years have brought about a great falling-off. In Scotland, in particular, the decrease has been steady and marked. While, as we have seen, there has been a small increase this year in the wheat acreage, there is a very large falling-off in the breadth of land under barley as compared with last year, amounting to 200,000 acres. The extremely inferior quality of the barley crop of 1879, and the difficulty of securing it amidst continuous rains, sufficiently account for the decrease. But it is to be added that only three times in the last ten years has the present barley area been exceeded, and therefore the decrease, after all, stands in little need of explanation. In oats there was this year an increase of 5 per cent. in the breadth of land sown, which, in fact, has been equalled only once before since 1867. The oat crop, it may be recollected, was the best of all the corn crops last year, and this circumstance probably had considerable influence in deciding farmers to increase their sowing. On the other hand, peas and beans have considerably fallen off. The reason assigned is that maize is now used very largely for the purposes for which peas and beans were formerly grown, that the imports of maize have doubled during the past ten years, and that consequently the area devoted to these crops has gradually declined.

To sum up, then, what we have been saying in respect to the corn crops. There has been a slight increase in the area under wheat as compared with 1879, and a

considerable increase under oats, while under barley there has been a large decrease, and under peas and beans a considerable decrease. The area under all of these crops, taken together, amounts this year to 8,876,000 acres, which is a decrease upon 1879 of rather more than 1 per cent. But if we extend our review back to 1870, as we have been doing, we find the decrease to be 7 per cent. When it is borne in mind that in those ten years the area newly brought under cultivation exceeds in size the county of Devon, it will be seen how great a revolution in the agricultural economy of the kingdom is implied in this decrease of 7 per cent. in the acreage under corn crops. The comparative cheapness with which America and other foreign countries can grow corn has not only counteracted the influence of the increase of population at home—which would, under other circumstances, cause more and more of the soil of the country to be devoted to the growth of corn—but has actually caused less and less corn to be grown. If our statistics went far enough back, it would be very interesting, and to many people very surprising, to trace the magnitude of the diminution. To the community at large the change has been highly beneficial, as it has not only cheapened food, but has set free capital and labour for more productive employment. But to the persons and classes exposed to the competition it has been a hard battle; to the poorer and less skillful amongst them it has brought severe suffering.

Green crops have decreased about 2 per cent. as compared with last year, showing once again the influence of the prevailing depression; but, on the whole, the area under these crops has remained steady since 1870. The most decisive evidence of the agricultural depression is, however, afforded by the increase of bare fallow to which we have referred above. Since 1879 the increase has been 91,000 acres, or $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.; and since 1870 it has been 202,000 acres, or over 33 per cent. It is unnecessary to add anything to what we have said above as to the significance of these figures. Passing, in the last place, to the number of live stock, we find a decrease in horses employed in agriculture—a further evidence of the number of farms unlet. And we also find a decrease in brood mares and young horses. What is less easily explained at first sight is the decrease of nearly 1 per cent. in milch cows, although other horned cattle have increased 2 per cent. As milk cannot be imported from great distances, while dead meat and fat cattle have been brought across the Atlantic, an increase in cattle for fattening, and a decrease in milch cows, are quite contrary to what we should expect. But it has been pointed out that the great increase in the import of cheese from America a couple of years ago frightened cheesemakers at home, and led many to break up their dairies. This is probably the true explanation. That there should be a decrease of nearly a million in sheep and of half a million in lambs, will surprise no one who is aware of the havoc made in our flocks by disease in the winter and spring. It is worthy of special notice that the decrease has occurred almost exclusively in England and Wales; the Scotch counties almost without exception showing an increase, especially in lambs, and the English counties bordering on Scotland also escaping loss. The explanation is that 1879 was a comparatively dry year in Scotland, that last winter and spring were exceptionally fine, and that the sheep disease was the consequence of wet. But the decrease in cattle, in the face of increased cultivation and increased pasturage, is a discouraging symptom.

THE WAGES OF LITERATURE.

M. ZOLA has published a volume of collected essays which cannot, of course, have a success like that of *Nana*. In his essays M. Zola merely explains his theory of literature; in his novels he illustrates his theory by pungent examples. In his essays he fulminates from his pulpit in the *Voltaire* against that terrible social evil, *le lyrisme*. He descends on Victor Hugo with the crushing remark that, after all, "he is only a lyric poet." In M. Renan, too, he detects that futile thing, a poet; and it is not to the purpose to reply that M. Renan has written little or no poetry. M. Zola has spoken, and M. Renan's place for the future is in the purgatory of poets. In agreeable contrast to the sickly sentiment of mere lyric poets and to the impertinences of such authors as Victor Hugo, M. Zola erects the majestic shapes of Science, of "Naturalism," and of himself. Literature is to be all science now, all physiology, and M. Zola is the prophet of the new era. It is true he often says "we" in speaking of the Naturalists, and he

seems to indicate the existence of a group of "those about Zola," young writers of his school. But the world has not recognized, or has shut its nostrils against, the fragrant literature of young Zolaistes. It is with the master himself that we must deal, listening respectfully to his haughty demand for "documents," and wishing humbly that he would not invariably look for documents in such very unspeakable places. To read M. Zola is almost enough to make one detest science—in whose name he does such remarkable things—and to read Mme. Deshoulières with pleasure. But there is one topic at least on which M. Zola speaks with some authority, and with good common sense.

That topic is *l'argent en littérature*, the wages of literature. M. Zola laughs at the absurd old theory which condemned men of letters to give away their works for nothing, and to be satisfied with glory. Never was there a poet yet that was content with glory without money. Byron mocked at Scott's gains, till his own works began to sell, and that has usually been the limit of poetical indifference to professional success. M. Zola, of course, is indignant with the critics who deplore that the modern writer has become a tradesman. He himself, as every one who chanced to be in Paris at this time last year must be aware, is a master in the art of advertisement. Big and little yellow placards, bearing the name of "Nana" in squat black letters, were the most remarkable among the mural decorations of the town. M. Zola has always made it clear that he did not agree with people who say "*l'argent tue l'esprit*." In his essay he tries, with some success, to demonstrate that the author lives better, and in a more dignified way, in an age of commercial naturalism than in a period of what he calls "idealism," and of patronage. With the modern side of the question M. Zola is very well acquainted. He now counts his editions by the hundred thousand, but the time has been, as he tells us here, when he starved in a garret. About the condition of authors in old days, about the relations of the classical French writers and their publishers, M. Zola is not nearly so well informed. He says that it is a question of "documents." So it is, but in this case the "documents" are not to be found in the *lupanar*, or any of the haunts of Nana, so this eminent man of science has but few to exhibit. In memoirs and letters the evidence must be sought, and the obscure history of the relations of authors and publishers has still to be written. M. Zola has looked into the *Historiettes* of Tallemant des Réaux, an ignoble and ill-natured scandalmonger of the seventeenth century. In the *Historiettes* he finds the anecdote of the King's inability to pension Malherbe, of the thousand crowns granted to the poet by M. de Bellegarde, the reduced pension given by Marie de Medicis, and so forth. Malherbe did not mind accepting a "tip" of four hundred livres, but he was indignant because his benefactor did not send a carriage to bring him to receive the money. De Balzac, who had land of his own, made it a point of honour to receive a pension. Sarrazin was a bullied, and Voiture a petted, parasite of the great; and it seems that M. de Noailles used to treat the eminent Chapelain as badly as if he had been a Court jester. Corneille was always poor, and La Fontaine was the pensioner of Fouquet, the Minister of Finance. La Fontaine was to receive a thousand livres yearly, in payment for delivery of a set of verses every quarter. The first set of rhymes is addressed by La Fontaine to Mme. Fouquet:—

Comme je vois monseigneur votre époux
Moins de loisir qu'un homme qui soit en France,
Au lieu de lui, puis-je payer à vous ?
Seroit-ce assez d'avoir votre quittance ?

Pelisson, the secretary of Fouquet, gave La Fontaine a receipt in rhyme, a ballad on the same refrain as that employed by La Fontaine:—

Muses de Vaux, et vous leur secrétaire,
Voilà l'acquit tel que vous souhaitez.
En puissiez vous en cent ans assez faire !

Madame Fouquet was made to say:—

De mes deux yeux, ou de mes deux soleils,
J'ai lu vos vers qu'on trouve sans pareils,

and so forth. The whole transaction may not have been very dignified, but dignity was not the strong point of good La Fontaine. M. Zola does not mention the affair, but no doubt he would condemn it in the sweet, tolerant spirit of scientific naturalism. Another old offender was Clément Marot, who begged a petition from Madame d'Alençon, in a "ballade, pour estre couché en son estat."

M. Zola attributes the somewhat servile position of the old poets to the want of readers. Except by way of patronage, there was no remuneration for a man of letters. We cannot help suspecting that it was less lack of public appreciation than of honesty in the old publishers that kept literary men dependent on the caprice of the great and the gratitude of kings. What we need is more documents about the old laws of copyright. Probably copyright was chiefly secured by the printer, by aid of Royal licences. If we examine the case of Ronsard, a poet of great popularity, it will be seen that, as far as patronage went, he did very well. The King gave him the abbey of Bellezeanne, Beaulieu, Croixval, and several priories. But towards the end of his life, in 1584, Ronsard had never received a penny from the booksellers who brought out his numerous works. Ronsard's letters are unluckily lost, but Colletet analysed some of them. "For the edition of 1584 he expects Buon, his publisher, to give him sixty crowns, that he may have firewood to keep him warm in the winter weather. And if Buon will not agree, he asks a friend to treat with the

booksellers in the Palais, who doubtless will give him more than the sum mentioned if he puts a bold face on the matter, and demands a proper sum for the perpetual privilege of printing the volumes. And this privilege is the more remarkable as, nowadays, licences are only granted for a few years, and are not perpetual. The Ronsard remarks bitterly on the greed of publishers, who like always to take and never to pay." Unluckily the exact remarks of the "Prince of Poets" are lost. Rabelais is another example of an author whose works had an immense popularity and a most extensive sale, yet he never seems to have been a rich man, or to have derived much emolument from his success. And we can partly understand this when we read in Mr. Christie's *Life of Etienne Dolet* how that worthy "martyr" pirated the books of his friend. "It was with feelings of excessive but justifiable irritation that Rabelais, in 1542, found issuing from the press of Dolet, without his sanction or knowledge, an edition purporting to be augmented and revised by the author himself, in which all the obnoxious passages and expressions reappeared." Thus it seems that the state of the law of copyright, the knavery of booksellers, and the carelessness of authors, rather than the lack of readers, deprived the old writers of their legitimate gains. M. Zola says that Molière only made a competency—"gagnait strictement sa vie"; but the documents about the property left by Molière at his death prove the inaccuracy of this statement. Molière had his own troubles with the booksellers. In 1660 he had to obtain a decree from the Privy Council enabling him to seize a whole piratical edition of his *Cocu Imaginaire* in the house of Ribou, the publisher. He afterwards, with his usual charity, lent this fellow Ribou money when the publisher was in distress. The evidence of contemporary plays proves that Molière's pieces sold well when they were printed. As the author generally reserved his own property in them, it is not impossible that he may have profited by the sale of his plays no less than by their success on the stage. M. Zola dismisses the whole topic, on which his researches throw scarcely any light, with the remark that "novelists, poets, and historians were all the prey of the publishers." We think he greatly underestimates the gains of the old writers for the stage, and even of the more popular writers of poetry and fiction.

With the modern condition of the man of letters, with the modern wages of French literature, M. Zola is naturally well acquainted. Every one, he says, can now afford himself a little library. In England it is not so; and before the age of circulating libraries people were greater buyers of books than they are at present. Still, even in France, almost every writer who has not a private income must begin with the daily toil of journalism. Twenty years ago even well-known men only received about two hundred francs a month from the papers; now they get a thousand francs, or more. This is not an immense income, but the French are economical. M. Zola thinks that any young fellow of talent and energy can add literature to his journalism, and find time to write books or plays. A book does not pay well, but it helps to make a man a name. Publishers, as a rule, pay a royalty on each volume, perhaps half a franc on one of the novels that sell for three francs and a half. At this rate, if a thousand copies sell, the author makes twenty pounds. Three or four thousand copies sold are considered a very respectable success. Thus eighty pounds is as much as even a sanguine young author can hope to gain by a novel. M. Zola does not say that his remarks are confined to works of fiction, but we rather pity the young journalist who hopes to make eighty pounds by work of any other sort. Let it not be forgotten that half a franc is rather an unusual royalty; forty, or even thirty-five, centimes are more commonly given. M. Zola says that the system of royalties makes disputes between author and publisher impossible—an ideal result. The stage pays much better, and a run of a hundred nights should mean a sum of forty thousand francs (1,600*l.*) for the author. A book must sell some eighty thousand copies to be as remunerative as a successful play. Only a few novels have had this vogue in the last fifty years, though even this rare fortune has fallen to the skilled and judicious industry of M. Zola.

The question naturally arises, are not the apprentices of literature spoiled by the rough-and-ready work of journalism, by which alone they can live in their early years of struggle? M. Zola thinks not. He thinks that the contact with facts and with the popular taste gives writers more energy, more knowledge of the world. This is a difficult question. It needs a strong man to be both a journalist and, in rare intervals of leisure, a writer of higher aims, the wielder of a style more refined. But M. Zola admits that he is only interested in strong men. Much depends on the aim of the beginner. He may mean to use journalism only as an instrument, and then may find that he can afford no leisure for more mature work. In that case, M. Zola, taking a wide philosophic view, would probably say that the struggler had found his place and had better make the best of it. He proves, by the examples of George Sand, Dumas, Sardou, and Hugo, that fortunes may be made by literature when the writer has genius. The born hacks must be content to remain hacks, and the odds are that they never had it in them to be anything better. One thinks of Théophile Gautier and his slavery to the press, and doubts the truth of this theory. It is sweeping, it is severe, perhaps heartless, but it is true on the whole, and recommends itself to the scientific student of the struggle for existence. "*La vie est ainsi, notre époque est telle.*"

WIGTOWNSHIRE.

ENGLISHMEN who may happen to remember the lines of Burns appealing to all Scotchmen from John o' Groat's House in the north to Maidenkirke in the south, may yet need to be reminded that the latter, which is the most southern parish or district in all Scotland, is in latitude below Durham and parallel with the most northern angle of Yorkshire. Few tourists would think of lingering in Wigtownshire, or would bestow more than a careless glance on its alternations of flat moorland, low hills, and huge fields of oats and turnips, as they pass them on the Caledonian line in coming from or going to Ireland. An old author says of this part of the country that *in modicos colles tumet*; and at first sight there seems nothing picturesque or attractive in earthy protuberances as round as a potato, rising to about 100 or 150 feet, each crossed by one or more stone dykes from top to bottom, and calculated to perplex a casual visitor by their bewildering resemblance to each other. Wherever he turns in his anxiety to grasp the leading features of the country, he is met by one of these elevations, now and then crowned by a tuft of fir-trees, but oftener presenting no greater distinction than arises from the varying nature of the crop. On one hill there are fifty acres of corn or stubble; on another the same extent of turnips; and a third is pasture, or, as it is appropriately called, "white land." Yet, if Wigtownshire has no great natural beauty of its own, it commands distant views of singular breadth and variety, and it has certain features of which no county in England, and few in Scotland, can boast. No one part of it is more than thirteen miles from the sea. From certain points the eye can take in the Wigtown Bay, the Bay of Luce, and St. George's Channel. From almost every corner of it can be seen the long line of blue mountains which fringe the Stewartry of Kirkcubright, including the Merrick, the highest peak in the south of Scotland. On a very clear day it is no exaggeration to say that the view extends from the Mull of Cantyre and the Island of Arran in the north to the mountains of Cumberland in the south, and from Lamachan and Cairnmore in the east to the coast of Ireland by Larne and Donaghadee in the west. It is studded with the seats of landed proprietors who, for some generations, by planting and draining, have done their utmost to redeem the ugliness of nature and to improve the soil. Its farmers are probably, in skill, intelligence, and management, second, if at all, only to those of the Lothians; and it enjoys a climate which, in point of mildness, is quite equal to that of our Midland counties.

Locally, Wigtownshire is divided into three tracts. Geographically, it is cut in two by the Bay of Luce. The northern part of the county, adjoining Ayrshire, is known as "the Moors," and can boast of large tracts of heather and pasture as well as of mountains rising to the respectable height of a thousand feet. The second division is known as "the Machars," and properly comprises the tract between the two Bays of Wigtown and Luce. The upper district of "the Rhins" includes the part to the south of Loch Ryan and the west of the Bay of Luce. But these terms are often elastic. Local tradition, family records, and the present aspect of the country lead to the conclusion that most of the land has been broken up, enclosed, and converted from moorland to pasture and from pasture to arable, within the last century or so. One of the Earls of Stair in the beginning, and one of the Earls of Galloway in the end of that century, introduced various new crops, made roads, sheltered bare and bleak fields by belts of plantations, drained swamps, and cultivated lucerne and roots. Their example has been followed by other intelligent proprietors down to the present day. The staple crops are oats and turnips. Wheat is grown in some stiff clay soils, but not to a great extent. And cows of both the Galloway and the Ayrshire breed during the last fifty years have contributed to raise the reputation of the local dairies. There is a belief on the part of some proprietors and farmers in a six-course rotation or succession of crops—first oats, then turnips, and then oats again, followed by three years of hay or pasture, after which there is a return to oats. But these maxims are by no means universally adopted in practice. Sometimes we have a five and not a six-year course. Here and there wheat alternates with beans; some fields, aided by a little manure, continue to feed stock for many years in succession. Enclosures in which huge stones seem to predominate over clods yield magnificent returns, the farmers believing that the stones retain the heat of the sun; and it has been noticed that cereals on the southern slopes of the round hills already described ripen sooner than crops on the flats, because they catch the full glow of the sun. Dykes, it need scarcely be said, are more common than hedges or wire fences; and it might irritate Sir William Harcourt to be told that hares can co-exist with fine crops in considerable numbers without leading to complaints, and that not a few landed proprietors had settled the question of ground game amicably with their tenants before the late coercive legislation. Without boasting of a Highland abundance of grouse and black game, Wigtownshire is a county of sporting capabilities. But the remnants and strips of pasture and moorland in the very midst of arable farms have brought about some curious variations in the habits of feathered game. Partridges take readily to the heath, rushes, and ferns of the moors, and can be shot to dogs as late as October. Pheasants lay their eggs, bring up their broods, and roost on the bare ground in the same localities; and grouse and black game, to the amazement of the Highland or the

Southron sportsman, are stalked on the stubbles or afford snap-shots between the ridges of the turnips and potatoes. A short time ago an ineffectual attempt was made to get up a pack of foxhounds somewhere between the parishes of Whithorn and Penninghame. But the country not being favourable to what the Baron of Bradwardine would have termed the true points of the *prælium equestre*, the attempt failed, and the failure is hardly a subject for regret.

The introduction of railways has had some peculiar effects in this county and in the adjoining Stewartry of Kirkcubright. Small towns, such as Dalbeattie, Castle Douglas, and Newton-Stewart, have received a certain impetus from the Caledonian Railway, and the county towns of Kirkcubright and Wigtown at one time appeared to go back. But of late years branches have connected these places with the main line. The isolation, however, of the two peninsulas into which Wigtownshire is naturally divided, still remains. From the Isle of Whithorn to the Mull of Galloway would by packet or sailing-boat be no long trip. No less than fifty or sixty miles separate these two places in a roundabout journey by land, and the southern part of Kirk Maiden—for Maiden Kirk was probably used by Burns for metrical conveniences—is still some fifteen miles from the nearest station of Portpatrick. Kirk Maiden, we should note, is by the best local antiquaries believed to be the church of St. Medan, and not that of the Virgin Mary. The number of places to which the word Kirk has been applied as a designation is legion. Kirkcowan, Kirkcinner, Kirkmabreck, Kirkgunzeon, Kirk Michael, and many others in the Western Lowlands, are a delight to antiquaries and a worry to correspondents and postmasters.

A dissertation might be written on the Jena Cæstuarium of Ptolemy, supposed to be the Bay of Wigtown; on the point to which Agricola came north in his Scotch campaigns; on the predominance of the Norwegian and the Celtic elements in Galloway and its neighbourhood; and on the fierce and intractable character of its inhabitants in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. We leave these topics, and prefer to say a word or two about some of the archaeological remains which have engaged the attention of men like Sir John Lubbock. Notably in two places in Wigtownshire we find those monuments which are popularly and most expressively designated as "standing stones." They are found in the parish of Wigtown, on the road between that town and Kirkcowan, and in the parish of Mochrum, not far from Monreith Park. The latter are less perfect in the circle than the first-named at Torreskie. They have been variously ascribed to the Phœnicians, to the sons of Anak, to some antediluvian race, to King Galdus, who reconquered the province from the Romans and who is said to be buried there, and to the Druids who used the stones either for sacrificial temples or for courts of justice. The circle at Torreskie, in full view of the high road, consists of nineteen stones, with three larger stones in the centre; and at places to the north, east, and south are separate erections of two or three stones. The connexion between these outposts and the main circle is mysterious, like the rest. One of the largest of the stones, popularly known as the porridge-pot of King Galdus, has been carried off to repair the dyke which lines the high road, and to this transfer, which at first sight savours of Vandalism, the monument probably owes its security. To us the hollow in this stone is suggestive of a sacrificial bowl to receive the blood of victims. On the whole we prefer the sacrificial theory, but have no decided opinion to maintain. Less uncertainty attaches to Dowalton Loch in the parish of Sorbie. When the loch was drained, pile-houses or lake-dwellings were disclosed, with accompaniments of the bones of the ox, the pig, and the deer; besides five canoes, glass beads, sundry vessels of bronze, whetstones, and even a bit of a "leather shoe with a pattern stamped on it." The hoary antiquity of this last treasure we may be pardoned for doubting. The ruins of the old church at Whithorn, at no great distance from the loch aforesaid, remind us that it was a great place of pilgrimage in early Scottish history. Whether Whithorn be a corruption of the "white house," and whether this again can be identified with the *candida casa* of the Romans and the *Leucophibia* of Ptolemy, are questions controvertible; but there is no question that the church was founded in the eighth century or so by St. Ninian; that pilgrims, amongst whom were high-born dames and queens, flocked there from the foundation of the Church down to the Reformation; and that James IV. regularly went to Whithorn, some say twice every year, when doubtless, as in Scott's lines—

he felt
The pressure of his iron belt
That bound his breast in penance-pain
In memory of his father slain.

An old Saxon arch in an excellent state of preservation is still to be seen in the ruins of the Priory, and a street called by the name of Rotten Row is said in the guide-books to be a corruption of *Route au Roi* or *Route aux Roues*. The former, it is needless to say, would be bad French for the King's Road, and the latter is scarcely intelligible. Persons not familiar with this locality will bear in mind that Whithorn and the Isle of Whithorn are two very distinct places. The latter, though not the most southern point, is the most southern village in Scotland, and has long ceased to be an island. The narrow channel between what once was a rocky isle and the mainland has been filled up by a stout causeway, on which substantial houses are built. A life-boat is now drawn up on the tongue of the peninsula, which has the singular advantage of slopes to the west and to the east, so that,

in almost any weather, the boat can be launched with ease in comparatively smooth water. That there should be not far off a cave on the rocky beach known as St. Ninian's, to which this father of the Church was in the habit of retiring for meditation, is a local tradition which we are bound to accept in good faith. In spite of the attractions of some Roman remains, a genuine old castle or two, and a splendid view seaward, this part of the country is as dull and uninteresting as Huntingdonshire or the Fens. In fact, the picturesque portion of Wigtownshire is confined to the north; mountains become hills, and hills mere undulations, as the land tapers away to Burrow Head and the Isle of Whithorn.

It may be a subject of regret that Scott never visited Wigtownshire, though he went through Galloway on legal business about the year 1798, and turned his recollections to good account, some twenty years afterwards, in *Guy Mannering*. But the *Bride of Lemnemoor* came direct from Baldoon, a rich farm lying on the south or right bank of the Blednoch and on the shore of Wigtown Bay. Dunbar of Baldoon, the younger, became Scott's Hayston of Bucklaw. The bride, it is well known, was Janet Dalrymple, daughter of the first Lord Stair. According to tradition and to a contemporary account by the Rev. Mr. Symson, then minister of Kirkcinner, not much more than a mile from Baldoon, the bride was brought to her home twelve days after the marriage had been solemnized, on the 24th of August, 1669, and she died on September 12th. The said minister, we are told in a local guide-book, spoke "highly" of both bride and bridegroom. We are wholly unable to spoil a tragical and pathetic story by lending credit to a rumour that the tale worked out so powerfully by Scott is due to Jacobite enmity and spite, and that the sole foundation for the tale is the premature death of the bride just a month after her marriage. Of Baldoon Castle, where she was found "mopping and mowing" and "her night gear dabbled in gore," nothing remains but part of a tower and an old wall covered with ivy. There is a modern farm building, and the cause or land reaching to the foreshore is renowned for its fertility. Two other places in Wigtownshire deserve a slight mention. At Logan, in the parish of Kirkmaiden, there is a natural fishpond of salt water, which, by a very simple device, keeps in cod and coal fish, and lets the tide flow in and out. It is said that some of the fish become blind from excess of light, a danger of which proprietors of aquariums are fully sensible. At Mochrum, on the lake of that name, a mediæval castle long in ruins has been partly rebuilt on the old lines, nothing being altered in the thickness of the walls and the staircase, and very little in the holes or "casements" which admit the light. Happy is the country in which the fancies and whims of wealthy proprietors take no worse shape than the conversion of a ruined baronial castle into a residence which no modern grates, or bedsteads, or other domestic conveniences, can divest of its innate dreariness and discomfort.

A description of a county which was long the nurse of unpromising Whiggery would be incomplete without some mention of the celebrated Wigtown martyrs, whose tombstones, like those of many of the Covenanters in the churchyards of Galloway, are still to be seen in the burial-ground of Wigtown. A pillar has also been erected to their memory on a hill just above the town. Some ten years ago an attempt was made by the late Mark Napier, Sheriff of Dumfriesshire, to prove that neither Margaret Lachlison or Lachland nor Margaret Wilson was ever drowned on the 11th of May, 1685, as related by Woodrow and re-affirmed by Lord Macaulay. Two pamphlets, in which the man of law—in language, we regret to say, almost unsurpassed for virulence—endeavoured to make out that the whole story was a spiteful invention, were taken up and answered by Principal Tulloch, and with greater effect by the Rev. Archibald Stewart, late minister of Glasserton. We have no space to go fully into the details, but, having just re-read the whole controversy on the spot, we have no hesitation in stating our belief that the divine has completely demolished the arguments of the lawyer. Mr. Napier for a short space triumphed in the discovery of a document of the Privy Council which seemed to speak of the two women as being in Edinburgh Tolbooth shortly before the date of their alleged martyrdom at Wigtown. Mr. Stewart successfully explained away this new evidence, and further showed the incontestable truth of the martyrdom by pamphlets published soon after 1685, and by written statements formally made and recorded and never contradicted, within a quarter of a century of the date of the event. One of these unfortunate women lived in the parish of Kirkcinner, and another in that of Peninghame. The members of the Kirk Session of both these places went fully into the cases in the year 1711, reviewed the whole evidence, and made formal minutes, as they expressed it—*ad futuram rei memoriam*—in their session books, closing the *sederunt* with prayer. Scotch divines in the eighteenth century may have been narrow-minded and stern in their denunciations of Popery, Prelacy, Erastianism, and so forth; but that members of so grave a body, whose names, residences, and titles are all fully ascertained, should have combined together to make up lying records of what they must have known never took place at all, is a supposition which cannot be entertained for a single instant by any one who really knows for what truthful qualities Scotch elders and ministers are usually distinguished. In a matter of fact we would trust an attested statement of a Kirk Session as we should the evidence of the Lord Chancellor or the word of the Archbishop of Canterbury. We suppose that the most astute lawyer would hardly contend that the truth or falsehood of a statement made by a similar body in the present year with regard,

let us say, to something which happened in the time of the Crimean war, could not be readily ascertained. Just that difference of time separates the martyrdom and the solemn records we have mentioned. As Lord Macaulay said about another and yet undecided controversy, if these pieces of evidence do not settle the question, there is an end of all such reasoning. We close our account by remarking that in parts of Wigtownshire there is a considerable element of Irish settlers. When removed from the baneful influences of Land Leagues, ferocious orators, and unscrupulous priests, these men become useful and quiet members of the community. In some instances they have been the first to break up hill pasture and moorland; and we have not yet heard that they clamour for fixity of tenure or crofts to be held rent-free. In fact, it requires very close attention to the revelations of the daily papers and some little flight of imagination to realize the fact that a narrow passage, less in width than the Straits of Dover, separates the loyal and intelligent population of a rich Scotch county from an island characterized by a state of riot and insecurity which would not be tolerated for a week in Eastern Bengal or on the frontiers of the Punjab.

THE MOLIÈRE WEEK AT THE THÉÂTRE FRANÇAIS.

THE circumstances attending the annual "Cérémonie de Molière" at the Comédie Française have been so frequently described that it may be doubted whether any reference to them is necessary in these columns; suffice it to say that the performances given upon the occasion invariably attain a very high pitch of excellence. But this year it was determined that an unusual amount of care should be lavished upon the festival of the man to whom the house of the Rue de Richelieu owes its origin; and the 22nd of October, on which day the Molière week commenced, was anxiously looked forward to by all the playgoers of Paris. It may not be amiss to look through the programme of the pieces given, which contains features of unusual interest:—

Thursday.	Monday.
LE MISANTHROPE.	L'AVARE.
L'IMPROMPTU DE VERSAILLES.	LE MALADE IMAGINAIRE.
LA MAISON DE MOLIÈRE.	LA CÉRÉMONIE.
Friday.	Tuesday.
LES FEMMES SAVANTES.	IPHIGÉNIE EN AULIDE.
	LES PLAIDEURS.
Saturday.	Wednesday.
HORACE.	TARTUFE.
LE MENTEUR.	L'IMPROMPTU DE VERSAILLES.
	LA MAISON DE MOLIÈRE.
Sunday.	Thursday.
LA CÉRÉMONIE.	LE BOURGEOIS GENTILHOMME.

Among these we select the following for comment—*L'Impromptu de Versailles*, *Le Misanthrope*, *Britannicus*, and *Les Plaideurs*.

L'Impromptu de Versailles, which had only been given three times in the last two centuries, was undoubtedly the chief source of attraction. As this piece has been so rarely played, it may be well to give a brief sketch of it and of the circumstances which led to its production. Of the quarrels between Molière and the opposition troupe of the Hôtel de Bourgogne, it is not our intention to speak in these columns; but it is well to bear in mind the degree of exasperation occasioned among the great poet's enemies by the production of *La Critique de l'École des Femmes*. Eager for revenge, they attempted to oust him by the publication of De Villiers' *Zélide*, which was a laborious enumeration of all the grievances harboured against Molière by his many detractors. But the piece was so cumbersome that it was judged impossible to represent it on the stage, and in its stead the comedians of the Hôtel de Bourgogne produced *Le Portrait du Peintre*, written by Boursault. The critics of the time seem to have thought that Molière received a very cruel blow from it, and the following quotation was considered especially crushing:—

Eh! parlez, dépêchez, vite, promptement, tôt!
On appelle cela réciter comme il faut.

Baron, ouf! que dis-tu de cet ouf! placé là?
Par ma foi, cher baron, il faut voir tout cela.

"Vite, promptement, tôt, le déconcerta," says a contemporary, "et le ouf! lui fut un coup de massue dont il est encore étourdi"; but at the present moment it is impossible to believe that such weak nonsense could have hurt anybody, much less Molière, who, as long as he pleased the King, seems to have cared very little what any one else thought of him. Accordingly we find that he intended passing over the attack in silence, and that it was the King who insisted upon his replying to it in *L'Impromptu de Versailles*. In the play itself there is abundant evidence that Molière wrote it against his will, for he repeats many times that it is written by the King's order. Having said this much, we may pass on to the play itself, which is, perhaps, the most ingenious in construction of any that he wrote. The whole action of the piece takes place in the "Salle de la Comédie" at Versailles, and the curtain rising discloses Molière himself summoning the actors and actresses of his company to rehearsal. The greatest consternation prevails, for none of them know their parts, and they will have to play before the King two hours hence. It is in vain that Molière storms, for they all declare that they cannot be ready in time to act that day. It is in the midst of a dispute

upon the subject between Molière and his wife, who, it will be remembered, acted in his company, that Mlle. Béjart says, "Mais puisqu'on vous a commandé de travailler sur le sujet de la critique qu'on a faite contre vous, que n'avez-vous fait cette comédie des comédiens, dont vous nous avez parlé il y a longtemps?" Molière answers that he had not thought it worth while to reply to the attacks made upon him, and that he had not sufficiently studied his rivals to enable him to make a finished satire upon them. But he is led on to speak of a piece that he had meditated writing on the subject. "J'avais songé une comédie," he says, "où il y aurait eu un poète, que j'aurais représenté moi-même, qui serait venu pour offrir une pièce à une troupe de comédiens nouvellement arrivés de la campagne. Avez-vous, aurait-il dit, des acteurs et des actrices qui soient capables de bien faire valoir un ouvrage? Car ma pièce est une pièce. . . ." He then asks who acts the kings among them? and being shown a handsome young man who generally enacts the kings, he indignantly exclaims, "Vous moquez-vous? il faut un roi qui soit gros et gras comme quatre; un roi, morbleu! qui soit entripaillé comme il faut; un roi d'une vaste circonférence." He consents, however, to hear the actor recite, which he does in a natural manner, free from stage affectation; whereupon the poet bursts out with "Comment! Vous appelez cela réciter? C'est se railler; il faut dire les choses avec emphase? Ecoutez-moi." And the poet repeats the lines which the actor recited. This gives Molière an opportunity of caricaturing the exaggerated manner of Montfleury, the tragedian of the Hôtel de Bourgogne, whose vast size, it may be remembered, has been handed down to posterity by Cyrano de Bergerac, of whose life and writings we have already had occasion to speak, and who once said of him, "A cause que ce coquin est si gros qu'on ne peut le bâtonner tout entier en un jour, il fait le fier." In the same manner Molière is enabled to satirize all the other actors in the rival company, having done which he breaks off in the midst of his digression and returns to the business of rehearsing for the piece to be given that day before the King. He hurriedly instructs the actors in their parts, taking one of the parts himself, and the rehearsal begins; opening the way for a spirited attack upon his remaining enemies, the poetasters and the fashionable people who were seeking to revenge themselves on him for his satire of them. Here, again, he avails himself of an opportunity of showing that the King had overruled his own judgment, for some of his enemies being represented in the scene discussing the chances of his replying to the *Portrait du Peintre*, one present is made to say, "Ma foi, je le trouverais un grand fou s'il se mettait en peine de répondre à leurs invectives." Later on, too, when Mlle. Béjart interrupts the rehearsal to suggest that Molière should make an attack on the author of the *Portrait*, he replies, "J'enrage de vous voir parler de la sorte. . . le beau sujet à divertir la cour que Monsieur Boursault!" But rehearsal and commentary are now cut short by the arrival of a servant, who warns the company that the King is waiting for them; whereupon a general panic takes place, in the midst of which comes a most grateful message from the King, saying that, as they are not ready, he will allow them to postpone the new piece to a later date.

Those who had the good fortune to be present on Thursday, the 22nd, on which occasion the *Impromptu* was given after the *Misanthrope*, can bear testimony to the marvellous perfection both of the acting, and of the mounting of the piece. Of M. Coquelin's Molière it is impossible to speak too highly. Two months devoted to laborious study of the character have enabled him to obtain a mastery over its most subtle shades, and the artist's wonderful versatility has never before been seen to such advantage. Of the perfect rendering of the humorous passages it is unnecessary to speak, but we cannot pass in silence over his noble delivery of Molière's indignant allusion to Boursault's attempts to blacken his character, in the speech beginning "Vous êtes folle. Le beau sujet à divertir la cour que M. Boursault," which is too long to be quoted here. His directions to the actors were also admirable, especially his delivery of "Pour vous, je n'ai rien à vous dire," addressed to Lagrange, which was eagerly seized by the audience as an occasion for paying a graceful tribute to M. Delaunay, who filled the part so well that we regretted that, though an important one, there was so little of it. M. Worms' Brécourt was a thoroughly good piece of acting, which it seemed to us hardly sufficiently recognized by the audience. Of the ladies' parts there is little to be said beyond the fact that they were ably filled, especially the Mlle. Du Parc of Mlle. Croizette, of whom we shall have more to say in the *Misanthrope*. Apart from its historical interest, the *Impromptu de Versailles* was a brilliant performance, and we trust that it will now take its place in the repertory of the Comédie Française, from which it has unfortunately been so long banished.

Of the *Misanthrope* we do not propose to say much, as its performance in London has made it familiar to English playgoers, and as the cast has not been materially altered since it was given at the Gaiety in 1879. M. Delaunay continues to fill the part of Alceste, his reading of which we believe, as we have said on a former occasion, to be the right one, but he seems to us to fulfil all its requirements more perfectly than he did in London. He is rather quieter and employs less gesticulation in the earlier scenes than formerly; and in the scene with Oronte in the first act a certain amount of humour is mixed with his displeasure, so that, despite its vileness, we can hardly help being amused with the bad sonnet. He seems to repeat the old song—

Si le roi m'avait donné
Paris, sa grand' ville.

rather for himself than for his auditors, and his repetition of it struck us as one of the best things he has ever done; we have seldom heard such a burst of applause at the Théâtre Français as that which greeted its last line. In his scenes with Célimène there is more tenderness than there used to be, which we think is an improvement, as it enhances the contrast between her vain heartlessness and his constancy. His offer to marry her after the reading of her letters in the last act was touching beyond expression, and his casting her off in the speech

Non, mon cœur à présent vous déteste

attained to the noblest dignity. We have never seen this great artist make so perfect an exhibition of his strength and of his fineness as he did in the whole performance of the part of Alceste. On Mlle. Croizette's Célimène we have also nothing but praise to bestow; she has made decided progress in the part, and her scene with Arsinoë was especially excellent. Her chief success in a performance in which she was much applauded was her delivery in the same scene of the long speech commencing

Madame, j'ai beaucoup de grâce à vous rendre.
Un tel avis m'oblige, et, loin de le mal prendre,
J'en prétends reconnaître à l'instant la faveur.

We wish we could speak as highly of Mme. Favart's Arsinoë, but it showed a distinct falling off, and was much marred by exaggeration. Mme. Broisat's Eliante, on the contrary, gave evidence of higher qualities than we had formerly supposed her to possess, and she called forth a just admiration for the delivery of many of her speeches.

The evening was brought to a close by M. Got reciting *La Maison de Molière*, written by M. François Coppée for the occasion. It is the privilege of skilful orators to be able to give weight to phrases which have not much intrinsic value, and M. Got's consummate declamation infused a vigorous spirit into M. Coppée's didactic Alexandrines. The busts of Molière, Corneille, and Racine occupied the back of the stage, the entire strength of the company being grouped on either side. The staircases and entrances were picturesquely decorated in honour of the opening night of the week. We cannot give a better impression of the whole effect than that conveyed by a remark overheard in the Foyer:—"Tout cela a un air de bonne maison qu'on ne trouve pas ailleurs."

On Tuesday, the 26th, when *Iphigénie en Aulide* was to have been given, the programme was unavoidably changed owing to an indisposition of Mlle. Barthet. Accordingly it was replaced by *Britannicus*. Both Mme. Favart in the part of Agrippine and M. Mounet-Sully in that of Néron were new to us, and although we regretted not seeing M. Mounet-Sully in his old part of Britannicus, we were curious to see how he would interpret the character of Racine's Néron. We were rewarded above our expectations, for the performance was a singularly fine one, although unequal in parts. We confess to having been disappointed at his first appearance, which failed to produce its proper effect, through his excess of gesticulation; but this was, no doubt, due to nervousness, for this fault was rarely to be observed after the end of the first sentence he had to speak. His treatment of Néron was most striking, breaking, as it did, with all the traditions of the past. Instead of the violent, uncontrolled tyrant to whom we have been accustomed, he exhibited him to us as a man of furious, but suppressed, passion; taking a demoniacal pleasure in causing suffering, and finding an unbounded source of cat-like delight in treachery. At certain moments every look and gesture were suggestive of a tiger about to spring, and, in the few instances in which his passion burst its bonds and showed itself openly, he was truly terrible. One of the most striking instances of this was in the scene in which he declares his love to Junie, and extorts from her the avowal of her passion for Britannicus, and of which we quote a fragment:—

JUNIE.

Il ne voit dans son sort que moi qui m'intéresse,
Et n'a pour tous plaisirs, seigneur, que quelques pleurs
Qui lui font quelquefois oublier ses malheurs.

NÉRON.

Et ce sont ces plaisirs et ces pleurs que j'envie,
Que tout autre que lui me payerait de sa vie.
Mais je garde à ce prince un traitement plus doux:
Madame, il va bientôt paraître devant vous.

JUNIE.

Ah, seigneur, vos vertus m'ont toujours rassurée.

NÉRON.

Je pouvais de ces lieux lui défendre l'entrée:
Mais, madame, je veux prévenir le danger
Où son ressentiment le pourrait engager.
Je ne veux point le perdre; il vaut mieux que lui-même
Entende son arrêt de la bouche qu'il aime.
Si ses jours vous sont chers, éloignez-le de vous.

The assumed interest in Britannicus was most wonderfully given. "Je ne veux point le perdre" was pronounced in a tone of melting tenderness, in strong contrast with the look of devilish enjoyment in his face at the thought of the unexpected pain he was about to cause; and the unbridled ferocity that flashed out in voice and gesture at the line "Si ses jours vous sont chers" could not have been better rendered or have produced a stronger effect. Very admirable, too, was the scene in which he surprises Britannicus at the feet of Junie. His stealthy approach, and the calm irony with which he addressed Britannicus, sent a shudder through one. But the scene in which he proved himself truly great was that in

which his mother upbraids him in the celebrated tirade in one hundred and eight lines. His acting throughout the scene showed true genius, and his answer to her, beginning

Je me souviens toujours que je vous dois l'empire,

was superbly rendered throughout. This pitch of excellence was sustained by him to the end of the play; and we may say that, despite an occasional tendency to over-gesticulation, his acting throughout was that of a great tragedian. Mme. Favart, by her noble acting in the latter scenes of the play, more than compensated us for her monotonous delivery and "stagey" interpretation of its earlier portions. M. Volny's Britannicus was meritorious but feeble, and Mlle. Dudley's Junie never rose above mediocrity. We cannot end our account of *Britannicus* without bestowing a word of praise upon M. Maubant's fine delineation of the part of Burrhus, which materially contributed to the success of the play. Space will not allow us to say much concerning *Les Plaideurs*. Those who have seen it will remember how perfect its performance always is at the house of the Rue de Richelieu. M. Got surpassed himself and kept the house in a continual roar of laughter. M. Delaunay acted like a man of infinite talent and experience, and looked like a young man of one-and-twenty. Mlle. Jouassain was as good as ever in the Comtesse, and there is a marked improvement to be noted in M. Coquelin cadet, who took the part of Dandin; his "Je veux aller juger" was irresistibly comic. On the whole, it seems to us that we have never before been more heartily delighted with any performance we have witnessed at the Maison de Molière.

GLADSTONE FANCY STATIONERY.

WE had the pleasure, not long ago, of calling attention to a new means of exalting the moral tone and quickening the religious sentiments by means of writing-paper. All persons who are given to letter-writing, or indeed to writing of any kind, will be glad to hear that their political principles can be taken care of in a somewhat similar way, means for the purpose having been provided of a much more varied character and calculated to exercise a much more delicate force of appeal. The Christian Pilgrim Note Paper has, a correspondent assures us, received its completion in the Gladstone Fancy Stationery. But the devisers of this latter invention have gone far beyond those of the former. The Christian Pilgrim Notepaper is not, as far as we are aware, advertised to be made out of the rags which have been worn on the sacred persons of specially Christian Pilgrims in times present or past. The Gladstone Fancy Stationery is constructed of sycamore wood hewn by the Premier's own hands in his own park. It is thus almost impossible that virtue should not go out of it in the mere handling, even as the Arabian prince was cured by drugs cunningly concealed in the handle of a mallet. The wood has been in direct communication—through the brief intervening substance of the axe head and helve—with the Premier's own hands, and it is, therefore, as well qualified to exercise all possible virtues as the best-authenticated relics. Its enterprising manufacturers have, we are told, bought all the wood, but they wisely warn their intending customers that there is no time like the present. Between Naval Demonstrations and Irish prosecutions, Mr. Gladstone will hardly find time to exercise the axe with frequency sufficient to supply the demand, and all persons are therefore recommended to buy early and buy often. We must say, indeed, that we can hardly think it fair that private persons should be allowed to absorb commodities so precious. A set of Gladstone Fancy Stationery might with propriety find a home on the writing-tables of every Liberal Club. A horrid idea even suggests itself, that it might be worth while for some bold and devoted Liberal to introduce sets—disguised, if necessary—into the dens of Conservative Associations, that so their healing and converting effect may be exerted insensibly upon the enemy. But for a private person to have a Gladstone Paper-Cutter, a Gladstone Letter-Rack, a Gladstone Blotting-Case, a Gladstone Card-Case, and frames for holding portraits of the Premier in the very act of getting the raw material ready—this is too much. It is wasteful and ridiculous excess, and ought surely to be abstained from.

The list of items of this surprising stationery which our correspondent has been good enough to send us illustrates pleasantly the progress of modern refinement and even of modern luxury. When the misguided Mr. Timmins gave his Rosa that Davenport which worked such woe, paper, pens, wax, and little note-books exhausted the list of equipments which his cultivated and enamoured soul could think of. Had he lived thirty years later and been of the right political complexion, he would have adorned or encumbered that desk with the Gladstone Visiting-Cards, the Gladstone Card-Case to hold them, the specially appropriate Gladstone Post-Card-Rack, the Gladstone Paper-Knife, the Gladstone Letter-File, the Drawing-Stand, the "Papeterie" (which we understand to be trade French for paper-rack), the Music-Case, the Music-Carrier, the "Blotter," all bearing, and with the best of rights, the sacred name. Thus the remembrance of the idol can be carried into nearly as many relations of life as those remembrances of other idols which used so dreadfully to embarrass the early Christians. It can travel about with us in a card-case; it can scornfully tear wicked Tory prints and gently reveal the mild wisdom of the elect as a paper-knife; it can remove superfluous ink from hasty and fervent letters to the

beloved (preserving correct copies of the same for the edification of future scoffers) as a "Blotter." As a letter-file, collectors of autographs may associate with it the epistles in which forty years ago Mr. Gladstone used to inform his correspondents that the only hope of the country was in Conservatism, and those in which at the present day he informs them that the only hope of the country is in Liberalism. The portrait-frames can enshrine counterfeit presentments of him as elected (and as rejected) by most English constituencies; and the music cases might possibly, with the aid of an expert composer, be made to contain representations of his unequalled faculty for singing different tunes at different times. Upon the happy, but, as we have suggested, somewhat selfish, man who decorates his writing-table with all these curiosities the effect which they exert ought to be indescribably suggestive, independently of the occult influence which they should, according to the best authorities in hagiology, be able to exercise. The varied scenes of a career of unexampled variety should rise up before him, and instructive parallels and conjunctions crowd into his mind. There is no need to particularize these; but it may be at least suggested that the "Blotter" will make him think of the facility with which Mr. Gladstone blots out his own announced convictions, and the knife of the prompt and ready vengeance which he knows so well how to exact from those who offend him.

It is with particular pleasure that we are able to inform our readers that no improper or surreptitious means have, according to our informant, been used to obtain this great boon for the people of England. There have been saints, we believe, who have rather objected to the carrying off of relics or talismans by enthusiastic worshippers. Saint Simeon of the Pillar was, if we may trust the Laureate, above these foolish scruples—we do not intend an idle jest by this—and so is Mr. Gladstone. Our correspondent has forwarded to us a document which, if it be not an actual facsimile of a letter from Mr. Gladstone's private secretary, is a very audacious and a very adroit imitation of one. Mr. Gladstone expresses his "best thanks," he says, that "the specimens have afforded him much interest," and that "the workmanship appears to him to be most satisfactory." He does not, indeed, quite echo the words of the other person who was set in a high place by suggesting that the Gladstone Fancy Stationery may "aid all this foolish people," that they may "take example, pattern" by him who hewed the sycamores, and that so they may be brought to the Radical light. But it is fair to presume from his reported acquiescence in the proceeding, his gratitude to the workers, and his approval of the workmanship, that the idea seems to him not a bad one. There have been statesmen (just as there have been saints) who might have taken a different view. These churlish persons would probably have written to this effect:—"Gentlemen, I can't prevent you from making any use you please of the wood you have bought, nor can I prevent any idiots from purchasing the things you make out of it. I have, however, given orders that in future every chip of my axe is to be burnt or used up at Hawarden. You will doubtless receive this information with equanimity, as it will add to the value of your wares." This is what some men might have written, no doubt unwisely. It deserves to be very frankly and cordially acknowledged by Mr. Gladstone's least enthusiastic admirers that he has an excellent measure of the foot of a certain not insignificant portion of the British public. With another portion he is perhaps not quite so much at home. But he quite understands those with whom he has chiefly to deal. No injudicious refuser of wreaths is he; no churlish grugger of the simple pleasures of the people. We cannot somehow imagine Mr. Gladstone reading the *Book of Snobs* with interest or appreciation. Painful glimmers as to his encouragement in his worshippers of the vices therein censured would probably come across him—unpleasant half-lights, which his mental eye could not wholly blink. It is true that, like Warren Hastings, he would undoubtedly have the satisfaction of looking into his own heart and convincing himself of his innocence; but still he would probably think it wise not to expose himself to the necessity of such introspection. The artless compositions of the manufacturers of Gladstone Fancy Stationery, the chaste tributes of the donors of silver axes, must be much more to his taste.

It is rather odd that, just as all the world is complaining of the decay of letter-writing, benefactors of the public should choose this particular function as the one at the performance of which the hearts of men are to be caught warm and tender and moulded to noble uses. "How very hard it is to be a Christian," sings or sighs Mr. Browning, and a cheery man of business answers, "Not at all; buy some Christian Pilgrim Notepaper, and the thing is done." "How very hard it is to be a Gladstonian," sings or might sing some unpublished bard, and he too is met by the prompt reply, "Write your letters under the immediate influence of Gladstone Fancy Stationery, and all the rough ways shall be made plain to you at once. You shall not wonder at Naval Demonstrations with the guns warranted not to go off, neither shall you lose yourself in intricate problems of proportion in which the terms are sergeants of police, Irish churches, peers of the realm of Ireland, and land laws for the protection of the property and persons of the lieges. A Gladstone fancy papeterie or a paper-cutter of the genuine Hawarden sycamore will make it all smooth and easy." The only thing that grieves us somewhat is that the precious material has not been made into more precious objects. The wood of the True Cross—and persons with a good historical memory may be asked to remember that we are not respon-

sible for the invention of the parallel—has been profanely said to exist in quantity sufficient for the building of a three-decker; but we do not remember that it was ever used for the manufacture of paperies. The Hawarden sycamores should surely have been committed to those excellent goldsmiths and silversmiths who pine for some worthier occupation than the manufacture of spurious Queen Anne plate. Reliquaries of every form and size should have been fashioned for its reception. Blotters and paperies are all very well; but really, if this is the modern fashion of honouring saints, we shall expect shortly to see advertised the Gladstone Lucifers—wood warranted to come from Hawarden—or the Gladstone Fire-Lighters, in bundles of five hundred. Indeed there would be a certain appropriateness in these applications. The affectionate devotees of the best of Premiers have not, so far as we know, ascertained or published exact statistics of the amount of cords—we think that is the correct term—of wood which Mr. Gladstone cuts down annually, but it must be considerable. There is no knowing to what vile uses the sacred wood might come if it be too freely worked up. But still its sale, if it have a sale, must, like that of the photographs of distinguished persons in the shop-windows, greatly comfort Mr. Carlyle in his old age. The people at large has come round to hero-worship, and pursues the cult in the most affecting as well as in the most strictly orthodox and traditional manner. It is true that there is a suspicion of the commercial element about the Gladstone Fancy Stationery. But every people has its ways, and the ways of Great Britain, as all men know, do sometimes a little smack of the shop. It must be seldom that the shop witnesses a more touching ceremony than the purchase, with hard-earned pennies, of a Gladstone Blotter by a fervent Radical. Let us hope that no heartless tradesman will delude that trusting one with false sycamore cut down by another than the venerated hand.

AUTUMN OUTSIDE THE FOG.

PEOPLE who are confined in town in the late autumn have, it must be allowed, good cause to complain. If ever there is a time when London is physically insupportable, it is now. The discomforts naturally incident to the season—such as the exchange of mellow warmth for raw nipping cold, and the gloomy narrowing of the day—are multiplied by the unnameable nastinesses of the London fog. Happy are they who have the opportunity to fly from this accumulation of miseries to a clearer, sunnier air, and wise are the few who, quite content to stay in town when town is pleasant, arrange for an autumn flitting when the multitude have euded theirs. To the unfortunate ones who would be glad, if they were free, to escape from the inclemencies of late October and November, we are able to offer a word of comfort. Nowhere in England, perhaps, are the beauties of autumn, when

the fading many-colour'd woods,
Shade deepening over shade, the country round
Imbrown,

more lavishly spread before the eye than among some of the chalk hills of Surrey, which are reachable in less than an hour from town. And one can hardly conceive circumstances better fitted to intensify by contrast the enjoyment of autumn's glowing colours than the murky atmospheric surroundings of London at this season.

We will suppose that a harmless inhabitant of our fog-invested metropolis, much tormented by its noxious properties, takes an early train and reaches the neighbourhood of Dorking at about eleven o'clock in the forenoon. The pure country mist, more beautiful by contrast to the smoky mixture left behind, still hovers in fleecy drifts over the hollows, softening the distance and lending a pleasant freshness to the air. As he steps from his train the first impression made on him is that of the brilliant colouring, for of all the senses the eye is the most active and the first to note new impressions. Almost at the same instant, however, he becomes aware of the profound stillness—a stillness that seems to afford the ear a positive and even an intense sensation, like the famous darkness that is said to have been "felt." As he begins to walk, and brings his lungs into vigorous play, he becomes fully aware of the qualities of his new air. Just as the London fog afflicted him with its many bad properties, which, not having the analytic power of Coleridge, he was unable to discriminate and name, so now the morning air, retaining something of the mellowness of summer beneath its keen freshness, dimly unfolds to his respiratory sensibilities its many hidden virtues. We will suppose that our fugitive from London fog is so fortunate as to have the companionship of some local friend who is not unnaturally proud of the beauties of his neighbourhood, and glad to reveal the less accessible of them to an appreciative eye. They pass first, perhaps, into a finely-timbered park, where the beeches and oaks have shed their nuts, and made a rich carpeting of their leaves, inviting a few idlers to the pristine occupation of nut-gathering. Hence they strike up the steep side of a chalk hill amid fir trees, making a mirth-provoking slip now and again, for last night's frost has given an unusual slipperiness to the surface. As they ascend, the full sense of autumn takes possession of the Londoner's mind. The song of birds is over, unless, indeed,

"some widow'd songster pours his plaint
Far, in faint warblings, through the tawny copse.

The rustle of a falling leaf, and the sob of a passing breeze among the trees, feed the autumnal mood of thought with appropriate sug-

gestions. Between the shafts of the fir trees they catch glimpses of a bowery hollow bright with autumn colouring, or of a stream whose waters, swollen and whitened by the rains, rush seaward with riotous gladness. Soon they emerge on an open grassy ridge from which ampler views are obtainable. The full glory of many-tinted autumn now breaks on the eye. The lighter yellows of the lime and oak, or, if it be the last of the autumn, the still more brilliant hues of the elm, and the deeper, warmer tints of the beech, or the rarer maple, combine with the unchanged green of the yew and fir trees in a most intricate, yet ever harmonious, colour scheme. The masses of warm colouring hang over the green slopes of the rounded hills like folds of some rich Oriental vestment. The smaller growths of bramble, gorse, and juniper carry on the same contrasts and harmonies of tint in smaller masses. Here and there a chalk pit or a patch of wild clematis supplies the eye with a bit of neutral colour, by a reference to which the force of the prevailing hues is more vividly felt. In the distance the bounding ridges take on a bluish tint, and conduct the eye gently to the perfect repose of the azure vault above. The pleasure derived from the scene will be greatly enhanced by the remarks of the friend to whom it is a familiar every-day sight; for if, on the one hand, the stranger feels a thrill of delight which only a vivid sense of newness and contrast brings, on the other hand the inhabitant has a subtler enjoyment, which is drawn from many memories and a perfected habit of fine discrimination. To his eye each modulation of tint in beech or elm at once takes its right place in the whole melody of autumn change. He knows, too, the slight variations of colour from season to season due to changing conditions of humidity, &c. And as he talks out of the fulness of his rural lore, his visitor gains a new insight into the mysteries of autumn colouring.

While there are these wider views to be shown to the visitor, there are little bits of special beauty or interest hidden away from the casual rover in secret nooks. Now it is the picturesque ruin of a house belonging to a half-forgotten philosopher of the last century which the present owner of the estate has done good service to an appreciative few in preserving. As the stranger regards the remnant of what must have been a handsome structure pitched on a plateau overlooking a fine sweep of undulating country, he thinks perhaps that he has found the clue to the writer's optimism. A man to whom the lines appear to have fallen in such pleasant places not unnaturally took a complacent view of existence as a whole. And in this peaceful retreat he must have had the leisure which seems necessary for his curious and interesting calculation that human suffering, which is supposed to be approximately the same in all cases, probably amounts to about "a minute of pain once in every twenty-five years." Other relics there are to be visited more venerable than the optimist's house, monuments of nature's patient accumulative industry. Led through what seem to be trackless woods by his trusty guide, our Londoner finds himself in the midst of a clump of stalwart yew trees. Their stout compact trunks are barkless, and their gnarled contorted limbs seem splintering under the influence of centuries of frost. Yet above, the soft green plumage lives and thrives, being just now studded with succulent berries. A no less noble spectacle awaits our Londoner a little further on, where a number of ancient beeches huddle themselves together, like a group of cronies, in order the better to hear one another's hoarse gossip of things of yore. Here, too, the vital forces which underlie growth, contending perhaps with exceptional external conditions, have wrought many a curious irregularity. Only one trunk stands perfectly erect, column-like, among its bent and twisted companions. The forms of the trunks, now divided into a number of parallel shafts like a clustered pillar, now twisted spirally in a strange manner which vividly recalls some of Blake's celestial backgrounds will naturally suggest architectural images in the mind of the Londoner, more familiar with the structure of church than of tree, and so the conversation wanders pleasantly into the subject of the historical or genetic relation between architectural and natural forms. On looking up at the magnificent branches spreading away in wide horizontal sweep till they dip and touch the ground, our imaginary friends may not improbably go back in thought to a still more distant age, when our reputed ancestors needed to shape to themselves no manner of dwelling, but found ample lodgment provided them in the hidden recesses of umbrageous trees.

Meanwhile the autumn afternoon is nearing its close—

The western sun withdraws the shorten'd day;
And humid evening, gliding o'er the sky,
In her chill progress, to the ground condenses'd
The vapours throws.

The gradual subsidence of the splendours of colouring reduces the eye from its state of intense activity to one of comparative repose, leaving room for the resurgence of lower sensations. The fine-edged, exhilarating air, together with the six hours' walking, has given birth to a group of unfamiliar bodily feelings, among which a keen craving for food is the most easily recognizable. The day's rural enjoyment will be complete if our Londoner betakes himself to some inn of the neighbourhood, unless indeed he is fortunate enough to be taken home by his sympathetic cicerone. In either case he will know what it is to sit down to a meal with a kind of appetite which is something more than a dull sense of organic want, having a very definite reference to the keener pleasures of the palate. With a body refreshed and regenerated by its day's immersion in pure air, and a mind no less refreshed by its contact

with the perfect repose and picturesque scenery of the country, he will return to town with more courage for facing the insidious attacks of his hostile fogs. No doubt their complexion will be all the more hideous for this day's glimpse of the varied beauties of unimpeded sunlight; yet the image of them will have a happier effect in lighting up his dismal surroundings with a soft ray of hope. Henceforth his dingy town surroundings will seem but a small part of his real environment. Beyond the fog his imagination sees wider regions of pellucid air and gladdening sunshine. If, as is sometimes said, a good part of the worth of our surroundings lies rather in certain possibilities of enjoyment than in any actual pleasures, we may understand how an occasional flitting beyond the smoke such as we have here imagined may very appreciably mitigate the evils of an autumn imprisonment in town.

GUY'S HOSPITAL.

THE death of the unfortunate man Pateman, who was dismissed last week from Guy's Hospital with a severe, and, as it proved, fatal, fracture of the skull, after being examined by a nurse only and treated for a mere scalp wound, has naturally once more attracted attention to the affairs of that institution. It is of course true enough that neither this case nor even the still more serious one of the nurse who was accused and found guilty of causing the death of a patient by direct misconduct would necessarily have attracted much attention in ordinary times. But these are not ordinary times for Guy's Hospital, and it would be difficult for the most adroit advocate to contend that the two occurrences in question have nothing to do with the recent dispute between the governing body of the Hospital and the medical staff. The delinquent in the former case was indeed an "old sister"—that is to say, not one of the nurses introduced into the Hospital under the present régime. But the high-handed manner in which she chose to adopt therapeutic or disciplinary measures on her own responsibility and at her own discretion could not be held to be altogether unconnected with the great dispute of Nurse v. Doctor. In the present case the nurse whose fault has resulted in loss of life is a fully representative example of the "new sister." She had, indeed, come from the same hospital—that at Leicester—from which the matron who now rules at Guy's came; and her evidence certainly seems to have disclosed some remarkable shortcomings in the system of organization now working—shortcomings which strengthen the case of the medical staff very materially. Phyllis Phillips declares positively that no kind of authoritative rules or directions for her conduct have been issued to her since she came to Guy's. The nurse whose place she took remained with her a couple of days, so that she had at least an example of practice, but she had no code of rules. She "came as a trained nurse from Leicester, and they supposed she knew." Now this certainly puts a new aspect on the whole controversy. Hitherto the case of the doctors has been that undue prominence was assigned to the nurses; that the new system of rules for the conduct of the latter was not drawn up with the assent of the medical staff, and contained items likely to be injurious to the well-being of the patients; and so forth. But at least the thoroughness of the system was hardly disputed. The idea was that the nurses took too much upon themselves perhaps, but certainly not that they were taken individually on trust, and "supposed to know" their duties. In this case both errors seem to have been combined in a singularly unfortunate manner. Hitherto there has been, outside the Hospital, a good deal of sympathy with the nurses and with the governing body as against the medical staff, partly because of the injudicious tone and conduct of the latter, partly from an old, and not perhaps wholly unfounded, idea, that doctors sometimes consider patients in hospitals rather as interesting and convenient exemplifications of curious scientific truths than as sufferers whom it is their business to relieve. We say that this idea is perhaps not wholly erroneous, though there is no doubt that it is grossly exaggerated. But the two cases which have in the last few months caused such scandal reverse the parts attributed to the actors altogether. Inhumanity and carelessness appear on the side of the nurses, care and attention (rendered useless by the refusal or neglect to give them an opportunity of showing themselves) on the side of the doctors. No doubt the actual conduct of Phyllis Phillips was rather thoughtless and unfortunate than criminal. The house surgeon (very much to his credit), while admitting that the case ought to have been referred to him, declined to say that the dismissal caused the man's death, laid stress on the difficulty of ascertaining the fact of fracture, and made no attempt whatever to get up a case against the opposition element in the Hospital management. But the fact that the nurse steadily maintains that no positive directions of any kind were given her for her conduct towards patients when admitted, and that she was "supposed to know," will have more influence with the public than reams of argument about the relative importance in the hospital hierarchy of the abstract nurse and the abstract doctor. The presence of a medical student may excuse Phyllis Phillips; the absence, if only in one instance, of a precise written order to summon qualified authority in every case is, it cannot but be said, conclusive against the actual management of Guy's.

The clamour which has been raised for a change in the consti-

tution of the governing body seems to us, we must confess, a singularly short-sighted and clumsy attempt to solve the difficulty. In this particular quarter of the nineteenth century there seems to be a considerable number of persons whose only idea of curing is to destroy something. The method is not scientific; we doubt whether it is even effective. That it is well that medical and surgical science should be represented on the governing body there can be little doubt; but that such representation should be in any way preponderant, should be indeed much more than consultative, seems to us by no means desirable. We think that the management of such institutions in England will, on the whole, bear very favourable comparison with that usual in any other country; and the very soul and marrow of the principle of that management is that it should be chiefly, if not wholly, in the hands of laymen lifted by their position, fortunes, and character out of the possibility of being influenced, not merely by corrupt motives, but by any professional crochets or fads. We are quite certain that the public, and especially that somewhat suspicious and not very enlightened portion of the public which principally derives benefit from hospitals, has infinitely more confidence in such a governing body than in one composed of experts. There is, as we have said, a very strong feeling against the subordination of the charitable to the scientific purpose of hospitals; and hitherto, until these two unlucky cases altered the balance, this feeling has been decidedly on the side of the Governors of Guy's. But it by no means follows, because the influence of the medical staff ought not to be predominant in the legislative body, that their advice in matters of administration should not be attended to with the utmost deference. It seems impossible to contend that in the late alterations of the system of internal management at Guy's this wholesome principle has been duly observed. Recognizing fully, as we do, the importance of the nurse's position, we can only repeat what we asserted in dealing with this question months ago, that that position must always be subordinate to the doctor's. The nurse should be the doctor's hands, and the hands cannot be too delicately trained and too thoroughly adapted to their work, but they must not aspire to be heads as well as hands. Only the idlest prejudice—and it is unfortunate that a great deal of very idle and very irrelevant prejudice has been imported into this question—can deny that the average nurse of the stamp of the "new sisters" of Guy's is immensely superior to her forerunners. Better social position, more entire devotion to work, superior technical instruction, improved morality, higher motives of action may, as a rule, safely be assigned to her. But at the same time it is impossible not to see that these improvements carry with them a danger—the danger that the nurse will magnify her office and take too much upon herself. We do not think that in cool blood any one can be found to deny that this danger has been proved to be no imaginary danger, both on the great scale and on the small, at Guy's Hospital during the present year. That any individual feeling of antagonism between nurses and doctors exists we may hope is not the case. But it is only necessary to turn over the pages of what may almost be called the sacred book of the new school of nursing, the *Life of Sister Dora*, to show that a certain masterfulness—shall we say mistressfulness?—is apt to be engendered in the more perfect examples of the type. There are times when they are obliged to think and act for themselves; there are times when chance or devoted care justifies their own apparently wilful and arbitrary opinion against the judgment of science. These things puff up even the best, and the ordinary run of nurses are pretty certain to imitate the faults, without possessing the virtues, of their exemplars. A brilliant wilful nurse may save a case or two where the plodding drudge who simply carries out the doctor's orders would lose it. But a wilful nurse who is not brilliant—which, on the whole, is likely to be the case—is quite certain to lose a dozen where the plodding drudge would save them.

These very obvious truths cannot escape the attention of the Governors of Guy's, and ought not to escape them, despite the provoking and almost inexcusable manner in which the war has been waged against their servants by the scientific staff of the Hospital and its partisans. Not even the exceeding indiscretion of the chief literary advocate of the other side could excuse even the least discreditable of the proceedings to which we refer. But, in truth, the public are not interested in the skill of fence, or the good taste, or even the intrinsic deserts, of either side in the fray. What is wanted is that a great public institution which has in times past done an immensity of good, and which ought rather to increase than to diminish in usefulness, shall be set in the best working order and kept in that order. Individual merits and interests, susceptibilities and demands, sink into insignificance beside this. Now the warmest advocate of the doctors cannot pretend that the spectacle of their petulance and readiness to take umbrage is calculated to increase public confidence in them, and the warmest advocate of the nurses cannot pretend that the cases of Louisa Ingle and Phyllis Phillips are models of the manner in which patients ought to be treated at a hospital. "A plague on both your houses" is the natural exclamation of all who do not wish themselves, their friends, their dependents, or indeed any human being, to be bundled into a bath and left there, as a disciplinary measure, or to be treated for an ordinary "cracked crown" when the crown is but too seriously and literally cracked. We are disposed to think that hitherto the Governors have in no respect failed in their duty, and have made the best of a very awkward business; but it must now be a serious consideration with them whether decided measures should not be taken to

secure what is—it must be again and again repeated—the real object of the Hospital, that is to say, the proper treatment of the patients. That nurses of the same class as those at Guy's can work elsewhere in due subordination to the medical staff is a simple fact, and perhaps this fact suggests a way out of the difficulty.

WINTER OPERA.

MR. ARMIT has not thus far been specially fortunate in his season of Autumn cheap opera at Her Majesty's Theatre. The opening night of his management was marked by some considerable disappointments, and the succeeding nights have hardly availed to remove the first impression. Superstitious people might be inclined to think that the profanation of the stage once sacred to the greatest names of opera and ballet by a troop of American "Minstrels" with corked faces had left behind it an evil influence, much as in Lord Lytton's story of "The Haunted and the Haunters" the presence of one man in the doomed house made itself felt and feared through a long succession of years. Up to this point, as far as regards the principal performers in Mr. Armit's company, his management might be not unfairly described as a reduction to the absurd of the "star" system. He has secured one artist of the very highest power and skill—Mme. Trebelli—and she has been surrounded with a crowd of more or less unknown singers, many of whom it would be flattery to call nonentities. Mlle. Bauermeister, it is true, has been at hand to fill on the first night, with the marked readiness which distinguishes her, the place of the missing Margherita; and she has since done in various operas such excellent service as she always does; while at least one new singer of merit has appeared. Again, if anything could add to the sense of Mme. Trebelli's excellence as a singer and an actress, it would be the proved fact that it is worth while to sit through an unusual amount of bad acting and singing in an opera because Mme. Trebelli appears in it. In the same way, the shortcomings of other performers have accentuated the merit of Mlle. Bauermeister, who is perhaps to the second rank of operatic singers what Mme. Trebelli is to the first. But the presence among the ladies engaged of one singer who stands at the head of the first and of another who stands at the head of the second rank will hardly support a whole season of what are intended to be in the best sense of the word popular operas. Nor, in spite of the merits of Signor Vizzani and Runcio, will their appearance as tenors altogether make up for the inefficient, and frequently worse than inefficient, performances of the baritones and basses. It is only fair to add to these general remarks that the stage management has been good, that in one opera the chorus has distinguished itself, and that Signor Li Calsi's conducting has been marked by skill and strength.

Since the opening night the changes have been rung upon a small number of well-known operas. The first appearance of Mme. Trebelli—who has been the mainstay of all the performances—took place in *La Favorita*, in which she played for the first time in London the part of the heroine. Her performance was, as might have been expected, charged with fine perception and passion; and her singing, throughout admirable, was especially beautiful in the "O, mio Fernando." Signor Cantoni appeared as Fernando. His singing was of an untrained and mediocre kind, and the quality of his acting may be judged from the fact that, in the great scene of the third act, he entirely missed any dramatic force, and preserved throughout a smooth, irritating smile. Signor Ordinas got through Baldassare tolerably well, and Signor Quintilli-Leoni sang and acted Alfonso intolerably ill. It would be interesting to know who taught Signor Quintilli-Leoni to sing, and why. Mlle. Bauermeister's Inez was, apart from Mme. Trebelli's performance, the one redeeming point in an exhibition which, as regards the principal singers, was wretched enough. The chorus were not often to blame, and in the third act sang well.

Mme. Trebelli subsequently appeared in *Carmen*, in which the beauties of her performance seem to have gained by practice. Without one touch of the vulgarity which has been sometimes imported into the part, she indicates with rare skill the heartless devilry of the girl who cannot long be pleased with the same lover, and yet so saves it from offence that the sympathies of the audience cannot but be more than half with Carmen. The gaiety, the grace, the wild spontaneity which belong to Mme. Trebelli's interpretation of this part have never been more marked than now, and her admirable byplay seems to have gained in ease and precision. Signor Runcio's José has also improved; his passion is more controlled, and therefore more effective; his singing is smoother, and his acting in the last fatal scene has real force. Mr. George Fox appeared as the Toreador. He sang the well-known song badly, and pronounced his words badly. His acting was throughout ineffective. Mlle. Olga de Morini appeared as Michaela. She seemed to suffer from nervousness, but she also undoubtedly suffered from insufficient learning. So long as the public will tolerate the appearance of untrained singers, so long, it is to be feared, will untrained singers continue to appear, and of course the mischief is one that acquires strength by its own motion. There is no doubt something to be said in favour of the existence of the feeling which prompted some of the audience to quash by applause the signs of disapprobation which Mlle. de Morini's singing began at one time to provoke; but the constant expression of such a feeling will not do good to the art of the

operatic stage. Mlle. Bauermeister appeared, with her accustomed excellence, as Mercedes. In this opera the chorus was unusually good.

The debut of Mlle. Rosina Isidor in *Lucia di Lammermoor* on Saturday might be described as a success, if it were judged only by the applause which attended her during the performance. One of that class of sopranos which are called "light," she possesses many gifts which should, with further experience of the stage, raise her in the ranks of her fellow-artists; but, at the same time, her faults were not hidden under a bushel. Her phrasing, for instance, of the celebrated air, "Regnera nel silenzio," in the first act, was, to say the least, eccentric; whilst her singing of "Spargi d'amaro pianto" in the third act was very far from what might be desired. As, however, a great part of the audience continued to applaud, we suppose that they take and will take little heed of such errors as we complain of. Mlle. Isidor may, with further study, as we have said, attain a fair position as a singer, for she is able at least to sing in tune, an accomplishment which appears to be thought little of nowadays. Her acting in the first and second acts was praiseworthy; but she seemed both as to acting and singing to have exhausted herself by the time she arrived at the mad scene. It may perhaps be said that it is impossible to act the part of a madwoman and at the same time sing the exceedingly difficult vocal exercises which Donizetti most inartistically, to our mind, has chosen to set down for the unfortunate Lucia; but Mlle. Isidor, by way of out-Heroding Herod, inserted a more elaborate cadenza—if that be possible—than even Donizetti has conceived, and it is only fair to say that she sang it with great credit. Signor Vizzani's Edgardo was an intelligent rendering of the part, whilst Signor Quintilli-Leoni's Enrico was perhaps the most grotesque thing of its kind that the audience at Her Majesty's have ever been treated to. A portly Henry Aston, with a voice which the constant tremolo renders annoying to listen to, and with an intonation far from true, is hardly the character the composer intended to portray. Signor Ghilberti as Raimondo was unobjectionable, whilst the less we say about Signor Conti's Arturo the better. Mlle. Barnadelli played Alisa.

On Tuesday Bellini's opera of *Norma* was produced for the debut of Mlle. Lorenzini-Gianoli, who comes to us with a reputation from Italy. This singer suffers from a fault, easily rectified indeed, but also growing too common, which makes it difficult to imagine how she could have succeeded, as we are told she has done, in drawing large audiences in Italy. We thought at first that the vibrato under which she labours was due to nervousness; but we soon found out our mistake. That she sang the music correctly, and acted her part with considerable vigour, we must concede; but that hearing her performance gave us any pleasure we cannot say. Mlle. Bauermeister sang the part of Adalgisa with great success, her sostenuto contrasting most agreeably with Mlle. Gianoli's tremolo; and Signor Vizzani's Pollione was as good as that exceedingly unpleasant character could be made by polished singing and careful acting. Oroveso fell to Signor Antonucci, who sustained the part with much dignity and sang the music creditably.

Faust was given for the second time on Wednesday last, when Mlle. Elisa Widmar, who had been wanting on the first night, appeared as Margherita. Her performance was fresh and unconventional; she sang well, on the whole, in spite of an evident nervousness, which sometimes led her astray, and her acting in the cathedral scene displayed both poetry and originality. Signor Runcio sang Faust creditably, and with much more feeling than is generally found in singers who undertake the part. Signor Ordinas appeared as Mephistopheles. His performance has not improved since he undertook the same part some time ago at Covent Garden. He has, as an actor, good intentions, and at some moments he carries them into effect with considerable success. But his tumbling down in the scene where he shrinks before the cross-handles of the sword, and his appearance under a red light at Margherita's back when she is trying the flower-test in the garden, show that his conception of the part is at best faulty. He sang the "Dio dell'Or" with some vigour, but with an offensively "yapping" utterance in the fifth and eighth bars. In the rest of the part he sang too often flat, and once, at least, sharp, and he gave the serenade, in which his intonation was more than once at fault, without any conception of its mock tenderness, at the full power of his voice throughout, and without any attempt to make the laugh, the real horror of which lies in its music, anything but a kind of savage yell. Mr. George Fox sang, or was supposed to sing, Valentino. It is perhaps hardly worth while to criticize the performance of a singer who has not learnt the rudiments of phrasing, and whose command of his voice is uncertain. To Mme. Trebelli's Siebel it seems impossible to apply any new term of praise. On the occasion of which we write Siebel became the principal part in the opera. It is to be hoped that Mr. Armit's season will improve as it goes on. He has secured, apart from Mme. Trebelli, those elements of success for popular opera to which we referred at the beginning of this article—good stage management, a good conductor, and a chorus which is capable of doing well. He has also found a dancer of exceptional merit in Mlle. Palladino. But it would take more than this to render tolerable the extraordinary shortcomings upon which it has been unpleasant to dwell.

THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

THE Cesarewitch had been so exceptionally interesting a race that the Cambridgeshire appeared dull in comparison with it. On the publication of the two great handicaps, the Cambridgeshire looked on paper quite as attractive as its companion. Isonomy headed the list, as in the Cesarewitch; then came Peter, Robbie Burns, Dresden China, and Roehampton, while at the head of the three-year-olds was Robert the Devil. Lower in the list were to be found the winners of the Two Thousand and the One Thousand, the winner of last year's Cambridgeshire, and the winners of the Criterion, the Goodwood Stakes, the Chester Cup, and many other races. Considering that, after scarcely better promise, the Cesarewitch turned out to be one of the most interesting handicaps ever known, it was disappointing to find the Cambridgeshire a comparatively tame affair. From the very commencement of betting on the race it was evident that, in public opinion, the heavily-weighted horses, with one or two exceptions, had decidedly the worst of the bargain. The forfeit list itself contained the names of many good horses, and but few of the best left in the race were noticed in the betting quotations. At one time there seemed to be some hope that Prestonpans, the winner of last year's Criterion, and one of the most heavily-weighted three-year-olds left in the handicap, might become the first favourite; but, although he was one of the earliest horses to be backed, there were plenty of bookmakers ready to lay heavily against him.

When the speculation on the race had fairly begun, the most heavily-weighted horse that was backed for any large sum of money was Exeter, a four-year-old, handicapped at 9 st. 1 lb. There are few, if any, finer animals in training than this horse. He looks capable of carrying a heavy man to hounds, and yet he is anything but coarse. In the Hardwicke Stakes at Ascot he had beaten Rayon d'Or by a head. This was not altogether a very creditable victory, as he was receiving 10 lbs. from the Frenchman, but nevertheless he had run very game. At Doncaster he had beaten Roehampton by a neck, when receiving 5 lbs. He was in the same stable as Robert the Devil, and was said to be much inferior to that horse, whom he had led in his gallops for the St. Leger. In the Cesarewitch he had not distinguished himself, but it was possible that the distance had been too great for him. A horse of his power seemed well suited to the Cambridgeshire hill, and it was hoped that he might emulate the performance of his stable companion, Robert the Devil, by winning one of the two great handicaps under a weight of unprecedented proportions. Another heavily-weighted horse was American Spendthrift, a four-year-old that had never before run in public in England. The form he had shown in America had been excellent, but there were rumours that he was a roarer. Archer was engaged to ride him, so there was no danger of his not being shown the way home on the strange course. 8 st. 12 lbs. was a tremendous weight for the American to carry, and he had only 3 lbs. advantage over Exeter. Cipolata was handicapped at 8 st., but she carried 8 st. 2 lbs. We have so often spoken of the performances of this mare that we need not describe them again now. With regard to her recent defeat in the Newmarket Oaks there were two excuses to be made—one, that her opponent may have beaten her through the fine riding of his jockey, the other that she might not have recovered from her severe race in the Cesarewitch. Indeed, when she ran for the Newmarket Oaks she looked very much worn, and she had every appearance of having been exhausted by her race of the previous Tuesday. She is a fine lengthy mare, with beautiful racing-like shape; but she is not overburdened with muscle, and she was suffering from a cracked heel. Another favourite was the three-year-old Retreat, who rivalled Exeter in good looks. He had run very well in the Cesarewitch up to the point at which Robert the Devil began his rush. He had now 7 st. 4 lbs. to carry, which scarcely seemed an unfair burden for him. Ulster was also a good-looking competitor. He had been eighth in the Cesarewitch, and he was now to carry the light weight of 6 st. 12 lbs. A strong and muscular filly was Lucetta, though she was neither tall nor lengthy, and, as a four-year-old with only 7 st. 1 lb. to carry, she seemed favourably handicapped. She had capital legs and feet, and was reported to be in excellent training, but she had hitherto run better as a three-year-old than as a four-year-old. Leoville's best performance this year had been to run second to Master Kildare in the City and Suburban Handicap, in which race he was only beaten by a head. Last year he had started equal favourite with Lartington for the Cambridgeshire. He was now to carry 7 st. 10 lbs. He is by D'Estournel, whose stock are not, as a rule, very trustworthy runners, and there were rumours that he had lately run badly in a trial. There seemed a great deal to be said for the chances of Fernandez. This three-year-old is an own brother to Isonomy. He had won the Craven Stakes at Newmarket in the Spring; and, after running nowhere in the Two Thousand Guineas, he had come out at Ascot and run Bend Or to a head in the St. James's Palace Stakes. It was thought at the time by most racing men that this form was incorrect, and that Bend Or would have won easily if he had not been eased in his work. The 8 st. 1 lb. that he was now to carry was a formidable weight; but, if it was true that he was within 3 lbs. or 4 lbs. of Bend Or, he did not seem ill-treated when handicapped within 11 lbs. of Robert the Devil. Much interest was taken in the chances of Castillon, a three-year-old French colt which had never before run in England. He had had extra-

ordinary successes in his own country, having won something like nine races out of eleven during the season. In May at Chantilly Le Destrier had beaten him at even weights; but in August, when he was giving Le Destrier more than a stone, he had run within three-quarters of a length of him. In the Cambridgeshire Castillon was put down for 7 st. 7 lbs., while Le Destrier was put at 8 st. 5 lbs. The last-named horse was struck out some days before the race. Adventure had not been out before this year, but last season she had been a bad third to Wheel of Fortune for the Oaks. Her three-year-old career had been a very unsuccessful one, as she only won one out of eleven races, and that had been but an unimportant affair. At four years old, however, she could scarcely have been let into the handicap at a lower weight than 6 st. 11 lbs. Her stable companion, the three-year-old Evasion, had 6 st. 12 lbs. allotted to her, which was, at weight for age, something like 9 lbs. heavier weight than that given to Adventure. Evasion had been an uncertain and jaded runner. She had won a couple of races last year, but most of her form this season had been very bad. She had been a bad third to Elizabeth and Versigny in the One Thousand, fifth in the Oaks, and nowhere in the Coronation Stakes at Ascot. Then she had apparently taken a turn for the better, for at Goodwood she had run Muriel to a head. Now Muriel, it will be remembered, had beaten Cipolata by exactly that distance in the Newmarket Oaks; therefore, if that running were correct, Cipolata and Evasion might be equal, and yet Evasion was handicapped on 16 lbs. better terms for the Cambridgeshire than Cipolata. At Doncaster again, Evasion had run within a neck of Experiment in the Park Hill Stakes, beating Jenny Howlett, the winner of the Oaks, as well as Muriel herself. All this seemed very contradictory and unsatisfactory running, and the only inference which could be drawn from it was that Evasion must have been an uncertain performer. The aforesaid Experiment was another candidate for the Cambridgeshire, but she was to give Evasion 15 lbs., and on her Doncaster running this seemed to leave her little chance of beating the last-named mare. She had won six races out of seven this season, and she seemed on her public form to be one of the best and most honest fillies of her year. She carried 3 lbs. less than Cipolata, so she had every opportunity of showing what she was worth. At the last moment Fernandez was a strong first favourite at about 4 to 1.

The Cambridgeshire day was terribly wet; indeed it was much such a day as that on which the St. Leger was run. In addition to the heavy rain there was a mist, consequently it was very difficult to see the races; and the weather was almost at its worst when the Cambridgeshire was run. Thirty-one horses were saddled for the race, which was exactly the number that ran for the Cambridgeshire last year. The best-looking of the party were Exeter, Fernandez, and Retreat. At the post Fernandez and Toastmaster were rather restive, and there was a slight delay. When the horses got off King Priam made the running. This horse was a lightly-weighted three-year-old, that had won the Bushes Handicap in the spring. He ran well as far as the Red Post, where he was beaten. Pelles, another three-year-old, carrying a still lighter weight, then took up the running, closely followed by Lucetta, Fernandez, and Cipolata. The pace soon told on Pelles, and he gave up the lead. Lucetta then went to the front, followed by Fernandez and Cipolata. The two latter were coming up with so much strength that Lucetta's jockey began to use his whip, when his filly swerved, apparently right across Fernandez and Cipolata. Whether he was absolutely hindered by Lucetta's swerve or not, Fordham, who was riding Fernandez, seemed to take a pull at his horse, as if fearing an accident; and it is probable that he lost some ground. It was a near thing; and, although Lucetta won, it was only by half a length. Cipolata was a couple of lengths behind Fernandez. An objection was immediately lodged against Lucetta, on the ground of a cross; but, after a long consultation, the Stewards overruled it, and Lucetta's victory was confirmed. Into the merits of the case we are not disposed to enter, but thus much we may say. It was raining hard when the race was run, and the mist made it very difficult for spectators to see clearly what was going on; therefore the only satisfactory method of coming to a conclusion was to hear the evidence of the jockeys who had ridden in the race. All possible evidence connected with the affair was patiently heard by the Stewards, and they had better opportunities of judging in the matter than anybody else. On the other hand, it does not follow that, because a cross could not be proved, Fernandez may not have been to some extent impeded by Lucetta's swerve. Then, again, even if Lucetta did not get in the way of Fernandez, the very fact of Fordham's protest makes it likely that he took a pull at his horse to avoid what appeared to him to be a danger, although that danger may possibly have been imaginary. We dwell on these two points because it seems to us that the slightest check on Fernandez at such a critical part of the race may have made a difference of half a length, and we are desirous that this horse should have full credit given him for what was an excellent performance, considering his heavy weight and the state of the ground. He is a remarkably fine horse, and has improved much in appearance during the last few months. He is not unlike his brother Isonomy, but he has more size. Unfortunately, he has not the best of tempers. That he is nearly as good as Robert the Devil we do not believe; but, assuming that his running in the Two Thousand was incorrect, which, judging from his subsequent performances, we consider we have every reason to think, his public form after the Cambridgeshire seemed to make him out to be about the third best three-year-old of his year. Lucetta had been trained by

Blanton, the trainer and part owner of Robert the Devil. Her victory must be considered, at best, rather a lucky one. Yet it would be hard to grudge the race to Prince Soltykoff. Exeter never took a prominent part in the race, and he was one of the last horses to pass the winning post. Cipolota ran well, but she rivals The Abbot in the number of times that she has been second or third for great races, and she must be looked upon as an unlucky mare. Although not as interesting as the Cesarewitch, the Cambridgeshire was a good race and a good handicap.

REVIEWS.

RECENT TRAVELS IN JAPAN.*

(First Notice.)

THE appearance of these two works at the same time is most opportune. Each supplements the other, and together they form an accurate picture of the present anomalous condition of Japan. Like the celebrated shield of chivalry, Japan and the Japanese wear two faces. To the admiring gaze of Sir Edward Reed there appeared nothing but burnished gold, while it was left to Miss Bird to discover that there was a reverse side of quite another metal and brilliancy. The reason of this is not far to seek. The reforms which have been announced with such flourishes of trumpets have only favourably affected one portion of the Empire. The remaining part is left in the same, or even a worse, condition than it was before the rage for everything European took possession of Japanese statesmen. In the northern part of the same island in which Sir Edward Reed inspected colleges, hospitals, and schools established on the European model, and over which he travelled in luxurious railway carriages, Miss Bird found that the

people never know anything of what we regard as comfort, and in the long winter, when the wretched bridle-tracks are blocked by snow and the freezing wind blows strong, and the families huddle round the smoky fire by the doleful glimmer of the *Andon* (oil lamp), without work, books, or play, to shiver through the long evening in chilly dreariness, and herd together for warmth at night like animals, their condition must be as miserable as anything short of grinding poverty can make it. . . . There are no schools in these mountain villages, and medical advice, except of the old Chinese school, is hard to get. The necessities of life are growing dearer, the Government machine at Tôkiô wants much costly greasing, the tax-gatherer follows the harvest, and the people know the cost of progress, with few of its blessings.

Tôkiô forms the boundary which divides Sir Edward Reed's Japan from that portion of it of which Miss Bird for the most part writes. They both started from the same spot; Sir Edward went southward, while Miss Bird went northward. They both describe what they saw; but, if one had been writing about Northern Italy and the other about Siberia, the difference could hardly have been greater.

Sir Edward Reed tells us in his preface that he went out to Japan at the invitation of "his Excellency Admiral Kawamura, the Minister of Marine, and some of his colleagues." This fact possibly explains to some extent the roseate hue which, in the eyes of Sir Edward, was shed upon everything connected with the country, past, present, and future. Educated Japanese, such as Admiral Kawamura and his colleagues, possess in an eminent degree the art of making themselves agreeable; the part of the country through which they carried their guest was rich, prosperous, and beautiful; the sights they showed him were varied and interesting; nothing that was unsightly was allowed to obtrude itself, and every inconvenience of travel was reduced to a minimum. What wonder, then, that Sir Edward came away impressed with the beauty of the country, the bright geniality of the people, and the wisdom of the statesmen who are leading their countrymen along so smooth a path of progress! As soon as the ship in which he was passenger dropped anchor off Yokohama, an Admiralty steam-launch came alongside to convey him to the Port Admiral's landing-place, where he was met by his hosts. A short railway journey, and a drive from the station in an Imperial carriage, brought him to Admiral Kawamura's house in Tôkiô, where he found himself "delightfully located in the midst of a purely Japanese household, but with an adjoining building of European style newly erected for the use of foreign visitors, and furnished with the choicest art-furnishings of Japan." Tôkiô, "the eastern capital," or, as it used to be called, Yedo, is, in its present hybrid condition, not a prepossessing looking city. It is built on a dead level; the streets, which are wide, have a deserted appearance, and the mixture of the low, dull, grey native buildings, with the gaudy imitations of European architecture which have lately sprung up, produce neither harmony to the eye nor an agreeable contrast:—

Yedo [writes Miss Bird] is chiefly represented by the grandeur of the castle walls, banks, and moats, the *Yashiki*, many of which are showing signs of decay, and the crowded streets of warehouses and wholesale produce merchants in the neighbourhood of the Nihon Bashi, the bridge from which all the distances in Japan are said to be measured. Tôkiô and the new régime are architecturally represented by the ministerial villas of

stone-faced brick, with red brick garden walls, the engineering college, really solid and handsome, and a number of barracks, departments, police stations, colleges, and schools in a debased Europeanized or Americanized style, built of wood painted white, with a superabundance of oblong glass windows, and usually without verandahs, looking like inferior warehouses, or taverns in the outskirts of San Francisco, as vulgar and as distastefully ugly as they can be, and more like confectionery than building.

To Sir Edward Reed the outside appearance of the city was of less moment than that of the interiors of the houses and shops. The hospitality of his numerous native entertainers, and the excellence of their cuisine, obliterated from his recollection the *bizarre* look of the outer walls of their dwellings; and, while feasting his eyes on the individual contents of the curiosity shops, he forgot the generally mean and tawdry aspect of the city. After a month, which seemed all too short, spent in sightseeing and the society of his friends, it was arranged by his host that he should make a trip through the inland sea to Nagasaki, in a steamship belonging to the Lighthouse Department of the Government. This arrangement combined the double advantage of enabling him to enjoy the lovely lake-like scenery of the inland sea, with its numberless islands, and the boundless varieties of form and colour which adorn its hilly shores, and at the same time to inspect the lighthouses which mark its perils. Beautiful as this portion of Japan is, the interior arrangements of the lighthouses bore evidence to the existence of a danger which constantly threatens it with destruction. A land where it is necessary so to balance the lighting apparatus as to neutralize the effects of frequent earthquakes must be acknowledged to have its drawbacks; and water in which a man-of-war, such as the Russian frigate *Diana*, could, by the effect of tidal-waves following an earthquake, be "spun round forty-three times in thirty minutes, and be thrown high and dry, a useless wreck, at the end of the revolutionary period," has evidently dangerous potentialities.

Unfortunately Sir Edward Reed's attention was called to other things besides the scenery as he steamed along, and a halt at Shimonoséki was sufficient to recall to his recollection the political events which occurred there seventeen years ago. No doubt the circumstances and surroundings were such as to induce him to lend a kindly ear to the gloss put upon the international dispute by his hosts. But Sir Edward ought to remember that his words carry weight, and that it behoves him, before passing judgment on a political question, to examine well the evidence on both sides:—

These are the waters [he writes] into which steamed, in 1863, the squadron of Christian England (composed of nine war-ships, carrying a hundred guns, and leagued with three French, four Dutch, and one American ship, carrying together more than another hundred guns), to blaze away at the lines and batteries of the subjects of the Prince of Nagato. . . . The first crime to be punished was the warning off from forbidden waters of the American steamer *Pembroke* by a blank discharge, and the attacking of her by two local men-of-war on the following day because she refused to move away. . . . An American writer, whom I often quote in this work, says:—"As a matter of international law the Japanese had a perfect right to close the Straits of Shimonoséki." . . . However, America, like ourselves, recognizing some other principles as much higher and more commanding than "right" and "justice," her envoy sent down the *Wyoming* to take retribution. . . . At about the same time some French and Dutch ships were also warned off by blank fire, and therefore some French and Dutch men-of-war went and blazed away at the Shimonoséki batteries with shell guns. . . . But this was an affair of a sort such as England could not of course be kept out of, and . . . in went the English ships . . . and, with Americans, French, and Dutchmen, bombarded the batteries, landed men to silence them, and removed the guns. In the next month the representatives of the same four Powers decided that it would be a good thing to add to their bombardment a demand for three million dollars as indemnities. . . . It is the present Government of the Mikado, struggling bravely along the path of civilization and progress which England, France, and America have pressed them to pursue, that has to provide the money, and that, too, at a time when its chief difficulty in pursuing the new course has been a financial one.

If Sir Edward Reed had held a brief for the Japanese Government he could not have stated the case with more advocate-like partiality. By the treaty of 1858 Osaka was to be opened to trade on the 1st of January, 1862, and Hiogo on the 1st of January, 1863. Both these places are approached by the inland sea, to which the Straits of Shimonoséki form the entrance from the west. Neither of these engagements was kept by the Japanese Government, and it was only after the first had been broken that the foreign Governments agreed to forego their rights in these respects, on condition that the Japanese faithfully fulfilled the clauses of the treaties relating to the ports of Nagasaki, Hakodaté, and Kanegawa. The direct route from Nagasaki to both these places being through the Straits of Shimonoséki, it followed that to close them would be a violation of the free-trading rights secured to these three ports by the treaties. But the head and front of the offence committed by the Japanese was that the attack on the *Pembroke* was the first act of an intended war against all foreigners. Two days before the occurrence the foreign Ambassadors received a circular letter from the Minister for Foreign Affairs, in which he stated that "the orders of the Tycoon were to the effect that the ports were to be closed and the foreigners driven out, because the people of the country do not desire intercourse with foreign countries." To leave unchecked the first move was to give up the game, and how critical was the situation is proved by the subsequent confession of the local Daimio that he had acted in obedience to the orders of the Mikado and Tycoon. The attack was unprovoked and treacherous, and, however much we may sympathize with the present Government in its brave struggles along "the path of civilization and progress," to return the indemnity, as suggested by Sir Edward Reed, is required neither by justice nor expediency. The Japanese Government should learn that brave

* *Japan; its History, Traditions, and Religions: with the Narrative of a Visit in 1879.* By Sir Edward J. Reed, K.C.B., M.P. 2 vols. London: John Murray. 1880.

Unbeaten Tracks in Japan: an Account of Travels in the Interior, including Visits to the Aborigines of Yezo and the Shrines of Nikkô and Ise. By Isabella L. Bird. 2 vols. London: John Murray. 1880.

struggles are often required to wipe out past misdeeds, as well as to march along "the path of civilization and progress." The Shimonoseki outrage is by no means the only international question of which our author takes an entirely Japanese view, and if any member of Parliament, after reading the work before us, should intend to ask questions in the House of Commons about the several political subjects discussed by Sir Edward Reed, we should recommend him to study the Blue-Books of the period before doing so. If this advice be taken, we undertake to say that the questions will never be asked.

If the recollection of the events which took place at Shimonoseki in 1863 followed Sir Edward to Osaka, the contrast between the scene there enacted and the hospitable welcome he received from the Chamber of Commerce at the latter place must have struck him with amazement. After the manner of Chambers of Commerce the Osaka merchants invited Sir Edward to a dinner at which every native luxury calculated to please the eye and palate was displayed. The dinner was served by girls who knelt as they presented an innumerable succession of "soups, meats, fish, game, and all sorts of vegetables daintily prepared," while dancing girls arrayed in bright-coloured crapes and silks diversified their performances by seating themselves among the diners to "assist them to anything they may want and make themselves generally useful." The paternal Government has lately taken these "pretty creations of imperial Osaka" and elsewhere under its protection, and has opened a school for them at Kioto, where they are "taught the domestic arts which are necessary to wives and mothers." This educational net, which is thrown with so wide a cast, is one of the most surprising results of recent reforms in Japan. According to Miss Bird, 1,594,792 boys, and 568,220 girls, between the ages of six and fourteen, attended the Government schools during the year 1877, besides the students of both sexes who received instruction in the numerous colleges scattered throughout the country. In some parts the rage for education is in advance of the desire for the commonest cleanliness, and, in any other country but Japan, the incongruity of finding a congress of schoolmasters discussing educational matters in so "mean, filthy, damp, and decaying a little town" as Bangé, in Northern Japan, would have struck Miss Bird and every one else with astonishment.

The sacred city of Nara, celebrated for its colossal bronze figure of Buddha and consecrated deer, the Shinto shrines of Isé, the Imperial city of Kioto, where for countless generations the Mikados lived in hallowed seclusion, were all visited by the two travellers. Such scenes admit of no difference of opinion. Nature and art have scattered broadcast their bounties on this part of Japan, and the people, as though influenced by their surroundings, have a grace, a kindness, and an ease about them which add charms to that which is already delightful.

If Sir Edward Reed escaped some of the inconveniences of travel with which, even in this part of Japan, Miss Bird had to contend, she appears to have derived a keener pleasure than he did from the extreme beauty of the scenery, owing probably to the contrast it afforded with her previous experiences in Northern Japan and the wilds of Yezo, whither we intend to follow her.

CLERICAL REMINISCENCES.*

A PLEASANT little volume of reminiscences in the Irish Church was written a few years since in the leisure of an English country parsonage, and was reviewed at the time in our columns, the name of the author, Dr. Brooke, appearing on the title-page. A companion volume, no less pleasant and in no larger compass, issuing from another country parsonage, presents a parallel series of "Clerical Reminiscences" in the English Church during the same period, but conceals the name of its author. In making this last statement we have been careful to weigh our words in the balance of literal truth, and we have not asserted that "Senex" has concealed his own name. He has "endeavoured carefully to avoid all occasions of offence"—and with entire success—"and to give no clue to the little mystery involved"; the "little mystery" being his own personality—a point upon which there is, undoubtedly, "little mystery," although we do not propose to gratify the curiosity of lazy readers. "Senex," with the true instincts of a Cambridge man, has wrapped up his secret in the folds of a long equation, or rather of a series of equations; and if "the first Honorary Canon of Canterbury," who on the 8th of November, 1863, "received the Pass, or master key," has forgotten for the moment that the key might become the means of revealing other arcanæ than those of the Cathedral, he has at least contrived his problem so as to make it generally look difficult. Possibly the "little mystery" was designed as an ingenious trap for sceptical and perfunctory critics. Every reviewer, and most experienced readers of anonymous autobiographical reminiscences, especially of those bearing an ecclesiastical colour, will open the volume in a suspicious temper. The "confidence trick" has been tried too often upon this line, and with too much of occasional success, to allow such a book to pass as genuine without strict examination, and we ourselves began our reading in a distinctly non-believing mental attitude. We watched keenly for the anachronisms or topographical blunders of the fiction-writer; but, except that it is certainly more than "forty years" since the Queen was thirteen years old, and as clearly not

customary to describe Mecklenburgh Square as "one of the West-End squares," we watched without success. We are not sure that "Senex" has not in one place written Senior Wrangler for Senior Classic; but the "mystery" had become too clear to make it worth while to follow up the point. No apology can be required if we write of some places without any circumlocution, or if we supply a name here and there which is not given in the book itself.

"Senex" had filled two curacies before he was presented at Court, where (in 1832) he "saw the Princess Victoria, then thirteen years of age, led by her mother, and smiling and bowing even then like a young queen," upon his appointment as chaplain to a newly-consecrated Indian bishop—Wilson of Calcutta. The first of these curacies, in 1828, was in a large manufacturing parish in Staffordshire; the second, that of St. Sepulchre, "half in and half out of the City," which had been accepted in 1830 by one of the Senior Fellows of St. John's College, Oxford, "on the condition that his friends would find him a curate." The general impression "of dinners such as" the Senior Fellow—Mr. Natt must have been a very Senior Fellow, since his name stands high on the list seven years earlier—gave his curate "remains after forty," or rather after fifty, "years." Something more than "a general impression" would appear, by the details of the *menu*, to have "remained" in the curate's mind, who till then "scarcely knew what a good dinner was, or how it should be eaten." "Silence was a prime requisite; to talk whilst eating was rank heresy." A couple of slight background sketches—one of gross feeding at a City feast, the other of clerical Jack Horner's at a Cambridge High Table—serve to bring out this picture of Oxford artistic dining; and probably the discovery of the uses of "brown sherry nearly as old as myself" as an eirenikon five-and-twenty years later in the experience of a Rural Dean was only a result of the early teaching of Mecklenburgh Square. But the curate of four years' standing whom Bishop Wilson had selected as his chaplain must have been known as more than a keen observer and lively diner-out; and the opening pages of his *Reminiscences* present at once, from the Cambridge life of the time, an illustration of the religious fervour then existing among younger men, and an instance of the prevalent neglect of ecclesiastical order by their superiors. What would be thought now of "five or six close friends who had just taken the degree of B.A.," borrowing the key of the University church in order that one of their number might preach a specimen sermon from the University pulpit, "around" which they "all met after the sermon for discussion" on its merits? We do not enter upon the deeper subjects of pastoral experience which have their fitting place in this volume, but we may say generally that this zeal, tempered with much sound sense and discretion, is apparent throughout; and it may be only a survival of the old contempt of Cambridge for the logic of Oxford—a contempt pardonable enough when reading "logic" was supposed to mean picking the horrible dry bones of Aldrich—that two curious fallacies of controversy are gravely allowed a place in these pages, one of them in the course of the story of the Cambridge sermon. "Dean Alford once said to me in after years that he did not think"—we vary the point in question, as well on other grounds as because the incident may have been recorded with some slight inaccuracy—that the Epistle to the Hebrews was written by St. Paul; "but he had no answer ready when I called for a Prayerbook and read" that matrimony "is commended of St. Paul to be honourable among all men." This is *petitio principii*, though the Dean was too polite to say so. The following is "ladies' logic"—called in the schools, we think, "undistributed middle." In a Kentish parish (North Cray) "a document . . . signed by King Philip and Queen Mary gives to the rector of the parish the oblations offered on four special Holy-days in the year for his own personal benefit and increase of stipend." And this is held "to settle a question which many hold wrongly as to the meaning of the word Oblations in our Service." Now, reserving any question as to the exceptional "signature" of this particular document, the ordinary grants of Philip and Mary by Letters Patent are in Latin, attested "per breve de privato sigillo"; and by what other word than "Oblatio" the customary payments on "four offeringe dayes" which in a document of 1565 are said elsewhere to be "payed orderly as other parishes do," could be expressed, we really do not know. The argument of "Senex" is simply this. Certain quarterly dues are called "Oblationes"; therefore, all Oblations are payments for the minister. He has indeed overlooked, or assumed, one material point. He has produced no evidence that these "offeringe-dayes" dues were presented at the altar at all; and in the Elizabethan document from which we have quoted they appear in a list with other fees and payments which certainly were not.

Five or six years in India, when the Company was King, furnish matter for a chapter to which the author's motto "I think of bygone days" is peculiarly applicable. All the incidents are striking and are well told, from the lighter story of the young chaplain who tried to preach to (or at) the Colonel for his improvement, with only the result—"For several Sundays past he has been sitting with his legs up on the ledge, among the Prayer-books, laughing at me," till a six weeks' trial of a different system prescribed by "Senex" "got the legs down," to the darker and stranger incidents of that old Indian life of banishment. One narrative, in which a highly placed civilian has assumed the disguise of a native, might, in the hands of a novelist who could be trusted to treat the subject with the purity and delicacy of touch shown in the outline, form the groundwork of a powerfully dramatic work. Illness and a three

* *Clerical Reminiscences*. By Senex. London: Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday. 1880.

years' furlough brought the author to England, and to a "pleasant Wiltshire town, with its mayor and corporation, its four thousand inhabitants, and its rectory and vicarage. The vicarage was mine, valued at 90*l.* per annum," and the fact that "the Holy Communion had not been administered for eighteen months" is a sufficient evidence that "the parish had been greatly neglected." But it ought to have been explained more fully than in the words above quoted, that this parish only included half the town. Of his brother incumbent the author makes no mention—an omission which is in one respect fortunate, as it enables us to trace the changing attitude of the author towards the baronetage at successive stages of his life. As a Staffordshire curate, he cultivates the local baronet; as a Wiltshire vicar he ignores him; as a Yorkshire dignitary he defies and vanquishes him. It is true that the Wiltshire title was at the time in reversion, and although his Yorkshire "patron was a minor," then only of some eight years old, "victory over the Patron" was perhaps a more signal triumph when it was snatched from his champions the Trustees, of whom one was the Lord Chancellor Cottenham himself. It is a mere jest to conceal the name of the Yorkshire town in which a few years previously the owner of a solitary house—a Quaker, we think—was said to boast that the whole town belonged to himself and Sir J. R.—; but we must humour "Senex." He was presented to the vicarage in 1840, and has been well known in the Church of England ever since. His first fight was for the freedom of the parish church, in which "the patron himself, though entirely non-resident, claimed sixty-five pews in his own right, his agents collecting the rents." "A man of action" was chosen as churchwarden, and "the result was unqualified submission." The rights of the parson came in their turn, after those of the parishioners and the perpetual curates had been secured; and, however weak the logic of the vicar on the subject of Easter dues may appear, his practice was vigorous enough. When a recalcitrant parishioner threatened "to put a knife into the collector if he called again," the vicar simply sent the collector with a bailiff and a distress warrant at dinner-time, with instructions "to seize and sell all the knives on the table." The money was paid; and after a still more lively contest with a rich wool-merchant for dues amounting to one and sevenpence, the Yorkshire admiration for pluck left the vicar master of the field. A similar readiness of wit and promptitude in action cleared away occasional difficulties with curates and with Roman Catholics, and the Vicar of — was a moving power in the newly-created diocese of Ripon, till in 1855 his health again broke down, and necessitated an exchange into a small country parish in Kent. Here he obtained his Honorary Canonry, and hence in due time he was removed by Archbishop Longley to a charge which he prefers to designate as "sea-side," and in which he worked hard and successfully for nine years, still, as "always, reckoning amongst the troublers of Israel in these days young ladies, young curates, and young architects. The architects may be changed, and the curates checked; but what can be done with the young ladies?—and, in case of rebellion, who can supply their places?" In this view of things ecclesiastical there is a wisdom arising out of practical experience which for the present cannot be officially recognized in episcopal charges, or find utterance from the judgment-seat of Lord Penzance. There is the Public Worship Regulation Act on the Statute-Book. There are all the Bishops on their Bench; there are all the Judges, in all the Divisions of the High Court and of every other Court, on theirs; and there are all the Congresses and Conferences and Chapters in their ranks of unofficial authority. But there are also "the young ladies"; and the whole body of dignitaries know perfectly well that behind all the other difficulties of the situation lie the two telling questions of "Senex," and the powerful reserve of force which they indicate.

Among the reminiscences of the "Sea-side" is one so singular that in a really anonymous work we should have felt bound to censure its publication as indiscreet. In September 1866, late on one Saturday night, the "person who calls himself Father Ignatius" and his brother "were announced. No notice had been given, and no preparations made"; but Archbishop Longley, "willing to give him a *locus penitentie*," and understanding from Mr. Lyne's family "that he desired to obtain priest's orders and to work quietly in the English Church, undertaking common clerical duties," had asked the author to receive him as a curate on probation. Mr. Lyne had brought no directions from the Archbishop, who "had left all entirely with me." A surplice was therefore provided on the Sunday morning, and Mr. Lyne read the Epistle. He was naturally recognized, and "the parish was up in arms." Sunday evening and Monday morning were passed in drawing up a protest, and the churchwarden came in for advice. "I told him that the best thing would be to throw the protest into the fire, for Father Ignatius was by that time safe in London, and they would see him no more." There "had been a great mistake somewhere." Mr. Lyne had only sought priest's orders for his monastic purposes; a two hours' conversation on the Sunday afternoon had almost ended in a fainting fit; Mr. Lyne "was unfit for evening service, spent the time in writing to the Archbishop," and left by an early train the next day.

The closing chapter has for its heading "The Resting-Place," from which our genial old chronicler sends forth his reminiscences, and where he dwells, surrounded by grandchildren and "testimonials." This, however, was not found when first the "kind Archbishop offered me an eligible rectory outside the diocese."

He "gratefully declined" it; while most ungratefully he has preserved this memory of his visit:—

The curate was now the *locum tenens*. He was out, but his lady received me, and showed me over the house. Seventeen pairs of boots and shoes on his side; three babies, three laced cradles, and three nurses on hers, proved that there was no want in the house.

Considering that it would be very easy to "spot" this well-booted curate, the story is really too bad; yet the lady may have her revenge. "Three laced cradles" are pronounced by lady critics to be an impossibility. Two might be accounted for; but "Senex" must rest under the imputation of not knowing a cradle from a "cot"—an offence as grave in matronly eyes as is the absence of accents on his Greek in those of his reviewer. Yet we part from him with kindly feelings of gratitude. Books such as this clothe with flesh the bones of Church history and legislation, and help to preserve in life-like form the records of a half-century among the most eventful in the annals of the English Church.

THE HEAD OF MEDUSA.*

"ALL claret would be port if it could," and most American novels would be by Mr. Henry James if they had the luck. *The Head of Medusa* is no exception to this rule. The situations, the "international" combinations of English, Americans, and Italians, are constructed on the model of Mr. James's stories. The sentiment, of which there is a vast abundance, would be after the same pattern—the pattern of the *Diary of a Man of Fifty*—if the author had not in this respect been more influenced by Miss Thackeray. *The Head of Medusa* is a novel in a minor key, in very subdued tones. The characters, though not all Positivists, like one of them, a Mr. Lexeter, are all, like him, people of sentiment. The padding, of which the *The Head of Medusa* is all compact, is sentimental in the manner of Miss Thackeray. The characters are always meeting in lonely places, and in what the author calls "supreme," or "supremest," moments. They then invariably and conscientiously observe all the minute details of sound, hearing, colour, light, and shadow which probably in real life escape the notice of passionate pilgrims. Do people whose emotional main-springs are tightly wound up really notice and remember such things as that a casual "transient" child wore stockings of different colours? Will some emotional person give his confessions to the public, and tell the truth? The original model of all these passages of writing we take to be the very beautiful chapter by Thackeray which describes how Henry Esmond stood by his unknown mother's grave. Since that was written the management of these casual episodes has become something of a trick. It is a trick which "George Fleming" plays sometimes well, more frequently with less skill. When the heroine, in a crisis of the supremest sort, "spots" and mentally dwells on the unmatched stockings of a child who is nothing to her, we feel our doubts. About the æsthetic interludes, and the pauses of reflection concerning Greek art, we have very little doubt indeed. A novelist who had abundance of matter wherewith to fill up three volumes would not write paragraphs like these:—

The supreme thing is the Greek marble bas-relief of Orpheus and Eurydice. Hardinge stood looking at it for a long time. He often came to see it—this simple, grave, sweet thing, witness of a lost art of naturalness, of propriety of gesture, of harmonious lines and beautifully-filled spaces; a work in which line and mass are more than detail, in which everything is just in emphasis and large in impression, and apart from imitative or realistic art.

And for one moment imagine yourself in his place. Look at delightful fauns piping or dancing, at leering satyrs, at reeling Silenus; look at sleepy, languid, white-armed Bacchus; at well-knit Mercury; see the nymphs, the bacchantes, the maenades, and the marble Venus herself, and confess if this is not to feel like an exile? to look with alien eyes upon these shapes from the old world of smiling existences—a world to admire, a world that has something in it to release one from the stress and torment of business and religion? Aliens and exiles that we are, how close can we get to Greek ideals? Baffled, as before something different to us, remote from us, we gaze and use our critical sense, employ our understanding, and do not surrender to emotion. We miss, before the very images of supremest Greek life and beauty, the blithe, free, open spirit of pure, and conscienceless, and elemental enjoyment to which they best appeal—from which they were born.

On the other hand, here is a remarkable piece of description which, we think, makes full amends for many less fortunate pages. The heroine of the story is watching by the deathbed of a beautiful Italian woman, her rival, when she becomes aware of a singular succession of sounds in the silent streets of Rome:—

"It is the sheep changing pasture," the nurse said, laying down her rosary and listening.

It was a flock of sheep being driven from one part of the Campagna to another, and crossing the city in the dead of night. For nearly a mile the narrow street was blocked with a dim moving mass, now dark and struggling, and now nearly white, as it was lost in the shadow of the houses or emerged into the dim moonlight of the cross-streets. There were thousands upon thousands of them, herded by silent dogs and watched over by mounted shepherds, clothed in shaggy goat-skins, and armed with long lances to which their lanterns were fastened.

In a very few minutes the room was filled with the growing strident bleat of the sheep. The air grew impregnated with a wild musky smell. In a moment, out of the silent summer night, there had arisen the cry of thousands of struggling creatures. The noise which they made was like

* *The Head of Medusa* By George Fleming. 3 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1880.

nothing describable, nothing imaginable. It did away at once with all civilisation. It was like something born of the night, something alien, inarticulate, wild, and strange beyond description.

We have given so much space to these descriptions of accidental detail because, together with passages of moralizing, they make up so very large a part of the novel. The story is so slight that it scarcely seems worth while to analyse it. To be sure, there is not much more of "story" in the lives of the majority of men and women in those brief years of love-making, of choosing, and losing, which, to novelists at least, seem to make up the sum of human life. That things easily go wrong, that mistakes, irrevocable mistakes, are commonly made, that life after these blunders is almost empty except of regret, that the fountains of thought and action can be kept sweet and fresh by loving memory of some one hopelessly lost, this, as we take it, is the moral of *The Head of Medusa*. The heroine, Barbara Floyd, is an American girl of great purity and nobility of character, who marries the wrong man. Half consciously in love with a countryman of her own named Hardinge, she lets herself be drawn into a marriage with an Italian Count Cesco Lalli, and, in about a year's time or less, she is disenchanted. Her husband's character is very happily indicated in this image:—

Once, travelling in the Italian Tyrol with her father, they had spent the greater part of a summer day driving beside the barren rock-strewn expanse which at times was the bed of a stream. She remembered the arid iron-bound look of those mountains; in another way it seemed to her that she was seeing it all over again. And was it altogether Cesco's fault that she had never understood a southern nature? Had he ever pretended to be otherwise than he was? She thought of that Italian stream; and the full pouring surging tide of his passion—breaking resistance and overwhelming retreat—where was it now? There was left to her a bare and sun-scorched wilderness in the extremity of summer.

As long as the author is busy with these two persons, and with a few of her subordinate figures, she appears to us to show real and very considerable power. Barbara Floyd is the daughter of an American gentleman, whose wife had deserted him while Barbara was a child. She has seen very little of the world when she meets Count Lalli at a dance in Rome. Lalli and his friend Borgia, if not true pictures of young Italians, are certainly very like young Italians as seen by English or American observers. Lalli's defect, or one of his defects, is to make a continual display of all his most glittering qualities. He is handsome, brave, heartless, cruel, a *poseur* of the worst description, who plays at magnanimity about money matters while he is really mean and hard. He is a thing of sentiment, like all the persons in the story, and gives himself up luxuriously to the sense of being in love, though his affections shift every fortnight. With all this, he is adroit, and, by appealing to Barbara for pity and "friendship," he so mystifies the poor girl that she becomes engaged to, and marries, him. Then Lalli, like Sir Launcelot in the romance, "falls to his old love again," hangs about a married cousin, provokes the jealousy of her husband, and is, in a way, the cause of the woman's death. The misery of the life which Barbara leads with this man, on an estate in the country, is only mitigated by the memory of a certain Mr. Hardinge, who has married a friend of her own, Miss Octave Damon. Her husband is quite aware that she loves Hardinge—indeed she has told Lalli as much; but then Hardinge is safely out of the way. The reader may ask, What has the "head of Medusa" to do with all this? As far as we understand the author's meaning, her heroine looked on the Gorgon's head at the moment when she discovered the hopelessness of her own fortunes, and saw herself, at twenty-two, cut off from love and life, a childless woman with an indifferent and unsympathetic husband. In this dolorous case, Barbara is preserved from being actually turned, as in the old myth, into stone, by her memory of her friend's husband, Mr. Hardinge. She takes an interest in the education of the local Italian poor, because Hardinge (who had just taken his degree at Oxford) was interested in popular education.

We confess that we could give poor Barbara more sympathy if she had not consoled herself by an imaginary affair of the heart with the absent and unconscious husband of her friend. That such a sentiment should continue in her breast is one thing; that a good woman should make a mental pet of the sentiment, and a motive that influenced all her life, is another affair. Indeed it is surprising that Lalli, being what he was, did not cut her throat. Old Margherita, the Roman servant of Barbara, tells a story at the beginning of the novel about a Roman shopkeeper who had settled his matrimonial difficulties with a knife. And perhaps we could forgive Barbara more readily if there had been any reason why she should fall in love with Hardinge. He was a good-hearted, handsome young fellow, with a free flow of the usual Oxford talk, which derives its humour from the contrast between the gravity and magnitude of the topics and the light indifference of the speaker. He seems very well mated (at least as far as we have made out his character) with Octave Damon, a pretty American girl, whose practical knowledge of life is a foil to Barbara's want of selfishness and guile. Barbara has another lover, Mr. Lexeter, but, as he has attained to the great age of thirty-five, and is, besides, a writer for the press, he is never in the running. Still we are given a glimpse of a moment when he might have come in with effect, but Lexeter was too shy.

The Head of Medusa is far better than the common ruck of novels. To the utmost of the writer's powers she has striven to produce a work of art; she has written her best; she has conceived her leading characters well; and, though we do not like her moral, it is obviously one that to the author seems adequate. We have already complained of the number and length of the interpo-

lated descriptions of fleeting impressions. Sometimes the impressions make the reader forget all about the characters and events. One has to look back to find out what was going on. Generally not much is going on. There is a passage in the third volume full of "impressions." There is no perceptible wind, but there is a heavy scent of orange blossom. The convent bell rings the quarter. To the end of her days Barbara will never forget the airs some people are playing in the court. One of the violins makes a blunder in the second bar. Then "somebody was speaking in whispers in the next room. And there was not another sound in the house." So ends a chapter; and now, at last, says the reader to himself, something really is going to happen. It is near the close of the third volume; we have not had a good incident yet; something surely will occur. Perhaps Count Lalli has been shot in a duel, and they are bringing her husband home dead. Perhaps it is Lalli himself that has arrived, in a fury of jealousy, to seize Barbara and carry her away to a dungeon in his ancestral castle. Nothing of the kind. A cousin of Barbara's husband has left her house, and is very ill, and people want Barbara to go and sit up with her. That is all.

The Head of Medusa is thus, at best, a rather favourable and not too original specimen of the melancholy, musing, rather morbid modern novel. We had expected something newer and less after a given pattern. These expectations are disappointed. The book is full of talent, but we had hoped that the talent of the author of *Mirage* would have ripened into something more like genius, certainly into something stamped with the mark of originality. There are some tridling points in the story which may just be worth noticing as capable of easy improvement. The French words, doubtless by error of the printer, are not always spelt properly, and the accents are occasionally misplaced. It is unnecessary to print fragments of Italian in brackets, as when a newspaper translates a foreign despatch, and occasionally offers the foreign idiom of which our language may not possess an equivalent. Lastly, we should like to know what is the Italian for "hang it all, don't cut up rough," words put into the mouth of a young Italian nobleman. Perhaps *The Head of Medusa* will not have been written in vain if it prevents nice English or American girls from marrying Italian Counts like Cesco Lalli. "An Englishman that is Italianate doth quickly prove a devil incarnate," says the old Elizabethan proverb. An English girl that is Italianate must expect, at the very least, to live among ideas and manners so strange to her that her existence can scarcely be made harmonious.

ANTIQUITIES OF ORISSA.*

THIS is the second and concluding volume of Bâbû Râjendra Lal's handsome and important work on the *Antiquities of Orissa*. The first volume was noticed in the *Saturday Review* of October 2, 1875, but we may here repeat that an archaeological survey of Orissa has been made by the Bâbû under the direction of the Government of India, and that these large volumes have been printed at their expense. The survey has been made not a day too soon. Sculptures and remains which were more or less fully described a few years ago by European visitors have entirely disappeared, and the famous inscriptions which forty years ago displayed the sagacity and industry of James Prinsep have made decided progress on the road to ruin. The people of the country have devoted the stones to ordinary purposes, and have set the images up as gods in their houses or village temples. "This process," says the Bâbû, "must have gone on for many centuries, and it is rather remarkable that some images should have been extant fifty years ago, than that no traces of any should be found now." With an increase of population and prosperity, the utilization of ancient stone fragments proceeds with accelerated speed.

This second volume is not equal in interest to the first, nor are the illustrations so important. Many of the chief illustrations in the first volume were representations of the temples of Bhuvaneswara, and this volume contains many more from the same fertile source. Here also we have a description of the place in its present condition, and a summary of what is known as to its ancient history. In the present day it is

a small insignificant, uninviting place, with no wealth, no commerce, and no manufactory, peopled by hungry priests, and desolate in every respect. It is nevertheless a most interesting field for the antiquarian, abounding as it does in architectural remains of the highest value, and connected as it is with historical associations of rare importance. To quote the language of the late Lord Canning, used with reference to the plains round Delhi, it is "studded with ruins more thickly even than the Campagna of Rome," and its history affords remarkable illustrations of the vicissitudes in the existence of an Indian town for five-and-twenty centuries.

Bhuvaneswara is undoubtedly an old place, but there can be no hesitation in reducing these twenty-five centuries by ten at least. The earliest date the Bâbû has discovered, and that in an untrustworthy "temple record," is 474 A.D. The temples still standing, or in ruins, are assigned to the seventh century. Hiouen Tshang, the Chinese Buddhist pilgrim who visited Orissa in the first half of the seventh century, describes the town as occupying about a square mile of ground; so that, if he is right, the place had not then attained anything like its full proportions. The Bâbû goes at some length into the legendary history as given in

* *The Antiquities of Orissa*. By Râjendra Lalâ Mitra, LL.D., C.I.E., &c. Vol. II. Published under Orders of the Government of India Calcutta: Newman & Co. 1880

the Purāṇas; but this, though curious, is worthless as history. It is possible that the fine tank and some other remains may date from an earlier period, but this is mere matter of conjecture. There is no doubt that in early times the Buddhist and the Jain religions prevailed in Orissa; for the ruins afford ample proof that they were very strong, if not dominant. But they gave way before the revival of Brahmanism, and many of their images have been renamed and worshipped as Hindu idols. Bhuvaneshwara, or, more accurately, Tribhuvaneshwara, "the lord of the three worlds," is a title of the god Siva, and the place is sacred to him. The temples were raised in his honour, and the worship that now goes on is offered to him. One temple dedicated to Bhagavati, the consort of Siva, some two centuries later in date than the Great Tower, marks the rise of the worship of the female principle, which has since attained a wide and scandalous prevalence. The Great Tower, which is the most conspicuous object in the group of temples, is 165 feet high. The surveyor, wishing to test his calculation of the height by actual measurement, could not obtain leave to do so, but he was allowed to replace the old flag at the top, and so gained his point. A man ascended the giddy height without any preparation, and never hesitated a moment till he reached the summit. He descended even more quickly. This wonderful feat is performed as often as a new flag is required, and no accident has happened within memory.

In our review of the first volume we noticed the grand contention between the author and Mr. Fergusson as to the origin of Hindu architecture. The latter maintains that it owes its origin to the Bactrian Greeks, the former that it is independent and self-evolved. Since the publication of the Bábí's first volume Mr. Fergusson has taken occasion to disparage our author as "hardly sufficiently grounded, either as an architect or archaeologist," and his opinions as "not worth much more than the value of the paper on which they may be written." Nothing daunted by this severe criticism, the Bábí returns to the conflict with a calmness that does honour to his temper and with a thoroughgoing conviction in the truth of his own views. He calls to his aid Mr. Locke, of the Government School of Art at Calcutta, who, with every inclination to the Greek theory, finds nothing in the carvings and sculptures to support it. The Bábí appeals to the illustrations in this volume in support of his views. They have their value, and will help in the formation of a judgment. But this great question cannot be settled by the architectural and sculptural remains of Orissa alone. They are far from being the oldest in India, and between their days and the ascendancy of the Greeks in Bactria there was ample time for the debasement of pure art, and the effacement of all its delicacy and refinement. But the further discussion of this question is reserved for a future opportunity and a wider field of inquiry, and we may await the conflict of the doughty champions with the assurance that, whoever may personally suffer, art and truth will be the gainers. There is one caution that may be offered to Bábí Rájendra. He shows that he has read extensively the literature of the West; but, as we observed in our previous notice, he is too bold in his identifications. In the first volume he fancied that he had discovered the name of the Hindu god Rudra in many European words. In the present volume he tries to show the identity of the word Caesar with the Sanskrit title Kesari borne by some of the kings of Orissa. Dr. Hunter rightly interpreted this word as "long-haired" or "hairy," but the Bábí rejects the Sanskrit origin and interpretation, saying, "Such an epithet would scarcely be worth adoption by a great sovereign and his descendants." His faith in his identification has apparently led him to forget that the god Vishnu in his primitive form, and also in his favourite incarnation Krishna, is very frequently called Kesava, "the hairy," a word of identical meaning. If the title is not unworthy of one of the greatest of the gods, a Hindu can scarcely consider it to be beneath the dignity of a king.

A considerable part of the work is devoted to Puri, the abode of Jagannáth. Notwithstanding its sanctity, Puri is a wretched town on the sea-shore, the home of perennial disease. It is on a wide dead flat of sand, so flat that a ridge twenty feet high, on which the great temple stands, is dignified with the title of "hill." Its fixed population is under twenty-three thousand; but from sixty to a hundred thousand people flock in at the time of the pilgrimage. The great temple is about six centuries old, and although the Bábí considers it "scarcely inferior from an art point of view to the Great Tower of Bhuvaneshwara," he admits that it is "less attractive in appearance." Mr. Fergusson's judgment is more severe, and points out its degradation both in style and detail. There can be no question that in the main he is right; but no opinion can be given upon the internal details and ornament, because they have been subjected to the English churchwarden's process of "plastering and whitewashing." The temple records contain an entry of the repairing and purifying of the temple by this process more than three hundred years ago, and the whitewashing has since been often repeated, as often in fact as the incursions and pollutions of the Moslim unbeliever made a purification necessary. The injury done is irreparable; but still it can hardly be supposed that the internal decorations which lie hidden under successive coats of whitewash are superior in character to the architectural style of the exterior; both have probably deteriorated *pari passu*. Antiquaries are agreed that Puri was an ancient seat of Buddhism, and that some relics of the old cultus have descended upon the comparatively modern Hindu deity Jagannáth, "the lord of the world." Jagannáth is a name of

horror to Englishmen; but the Bábí steps boldly forward to vindicate his character:—

No Indian divinity has a more unenviable notoriety in English literature than Jagannáth. Alike in poetry and in prose, in works of imagination as in sober history, he forms a never-dying illustration of all that is cruel, all that is horrible, all that is most revolting to every sense of humanity. His terrible car "through blood and bones ploughs its dreadful path." . . . It is certain, nevertheless, that human conception has never realized a more innocent and gentle divinity than Jagannáth; and the tenets of his votaries are the very reverse of sanguinary or revolting. In fact, never was opprobrium more unjustly cast on an inoffensive object than in this instance, and none merited it less.

This bold vindication will probably excite a feeling of surprise and incredulity in the minds of many; but nevertheless it is perfectly justified by the facts. Jagannáth is only a later form of the man-god Krishna, who was a full incarnation of Vishnu, a god of joyous character, who has no delight in the blood either of animals or of men. Once a year the idol and its two companions are dragged about on huge cars. No less than four thousand two hundred men enjoy rent-free lands upon condition of performing this service. Thousands of pilgrims eagerly lend their aid, some in honour of the deity, others for the mere fun of the thing. In the vast multitudes assembled on these occasions accidents happen, as in all tumultuous gatherings, and probably hardly a year passes without some one being killed. Occasionally a fanatic will cast himself under the wheels, hoping to obtain salvation by his self-devotion; but these cases are rare. Mr. Stirling, the great administrator and historian of the province, witnessed the festival on four occasions, and only three cases of self-immolation occurred in them all; one of these cases was doubtful, and the other two victims had long suffered from excruciating disorders. Another European long resident in Puri adds his testimony that "the excess of fanaticism which is stated in several missionary accounts to prompt pilgrims to court death by throwing themselves in crowds under the wheels of the car of Jagannáth has never existed or has long ceased." Mr. Fergusson, who visited Puri in 1838, did his best to disabuse the public mind of its violent prejudices. He saw "the pilgrims hurrying to the spot, talking and laughing like people going to a fair in England, which in fact it is"; but he found nothing to justify the highly-wrought picture of "the hundreds of dead and dying pilgrims that strewed the road and of their bones that whiten the plains." He saw no victims crushed under the wheels, and "none had been heard of for many years before that time." It is clear, from the most unexceptionable testimony, that the horrors of the festival of Jagannáth have been greatly exaggerated; and it is still more clear that the character of the idol is entirely averse to sanguinary sacrifices of every kind.

WRECKED LIVES.*

"FAILURE," says Mr. Davenport Adams, in the opening sentence of his preface—"failure" from the Christian moralist's point of view, and 'failure' from the point of view of the man of the world, is a widely different thing." How two kinds of failure can be one widely different thing we fail to see. We are willing, however, to admit the fact which Mr. Adams apparently wishes to state, and to pass on to his application. "A Swift," he says in the next page, "may hand down his name and fame to after ages; but was not that a wrecked life which passed away under the heavy shadow of imbecility?" Why, in the name of heaven, we may well ask, need the Christian moralist trouble himself with considering whether or not a man was afflicted with insanity at the close of a long life, unless it can be shown that his loss of reason was a direct consequence of vicious indulgence? If Swift had died at the age of seventy, he would not have passed away under the heavy shadow of imbecility. In that case, if we understand Mr. Adams rightly, his life would not have been a failure, even from the point of view of the Christian moralist. Unfortunately, he lived till he was seventy-seven, and so he fell a victim to imbecility and Mr. Adams. Does our author reckon Marlborough and Somers and Cowper and Southey among those whose lives were wrecked? From Swift he passes in the next sentence to Robespierre. "A Robespierre," he says, "may rule for awhile as the virtual dictator of France; but when his head falls beneath the guillotine of the Place de la Révolution, amid the roar of the voices of hate and revenge, we know that he was a failure." Does Mr. Adams mean to say that all those whose blood is shed amid the roar of the voices of hate and revenge are failures? Surely the Society for which he has written these two volumes was formed to teach a very different lesson.

Of the eleven Wrecked Lives that Mr. Adams has given us we have read but one. We are familiar with his method of compiling, and we are well aware that in no book written by him are we likely ever to come upon a single new fact or a single fresh thought. We have before this shown how he borrows from a writer without owning his obligations, and how in "conveying" a passage—we use the word as Pistol used it—he often makes some monstrous blunder. It would be lost labour, then, to follow his appropriations through two long volumes. It is sufficient to select one of his Wrecked Lives and there to track his footsteps with some little care. He is not indeed a writer that we can ever

* *Wrecked Lives; or, Men who have Failed.* By W. H. Davenport Adams. 2 vols. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 1880.

read quickly. His blunders are as surprising as they are frequent, and they will not allow us to pass them by in haste. We are forced almost against our will to get down from our shelves first one volume and then another in the attempt to trace his confusion to its source. We are tempted also to trace out the means by which he succeeds in making so brave a display of learning that he may very well pass for a man of reading with all such readers as he is ever likely to get. The life we have chosen is Swift's. Of Swift, and the times in which he lived, it is abundantly clear that Mr. Adams knows nothing. At least he knew nothing till he set about to compile his *Wrecked Life*. Yet the airs that he gives himself are as great as they are insufferable. He almost surpasses Sir William Harcourt himself in the assurance with which he lays down the law on a large and difficult question of which the day before he had hardly even heard. There is no reason why Mr. Adams should not compile a *Life—a Wrecked Life* if so he likes to call it—of Swift, under the direction of the Committee of General Literature and Education, appointed by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. But, while working for such a Society, a little humility would not be out of place. He should not pretend to have knowledge of a subject of which he is profoundly ignorant, and, what is more important, he should not use the words of other writers without owning his obligations. How he deals with Mr. Forster's *Life of Swift* we shall at once show. "I have," he says in a note at the end of the chapter, "consulted this splendid fragment." *Splendid*, by the way, is a most absurd term to apply to this fragment. Mr. Forster had done a great deal of very good work, and we shall always be ready to acknowledge our obligations to him. We have no right to expect that a man's last work shall be up to the standard of the days of his vigour and strength. If, however, we are forced by the extravagant praise of an ignorant writer to express our opinion, truth compels us to say that the *Life of Swift* adds nothing to its author's reputation. We could almost wish that it had never been published. But to return to Mr. Adams. He has consulted Mr. Forster's work. He gives his readers the notion of a student already deeply read in the subject which he has taken in hand, who, before he sets about his task, modestly refers to the latest authority to see whether anything has been added by him to what was already known. A few instances will show to what extent he carried his consultations. For the convenience of our readers we will put in parallel columns one or two of the passages which have been consulted and the result of the consultations:—

MR. ADAMS.

Though born in Ireland, Swift never called himself, nor would he allow others to call him, an Irishman. He was nothing more, he asserted, than an Englishman settled in Ireland. To others he would frequently say what he wrote to Lord Orford (*sic*) in 1737: that he chanced to see the light there, was one year old when he left it first, and to his sorrow did not die before he went to it again.

We may admire perhaps the delicacy which has led Mr. Adams to change "he happened to be dropped there" into "he chanced to see the light." But what are we to think of the almost incredible ignorance which led him to substitute Lord Orford for the second Lord Oxford? Is there a biographer of Swift who has not yet distinguished between a Harley and a Walpole? How Mr. Adams has consulted Mr. Forster in the analysis that he gives of the *Battle of the Books* will be seen by the following passages:—

MR. ADAMS.

Meanwhile, the feats of Homer were in themselves almost sufficient to decide the issue of the day. Mounted on a ferocious horse, with difficulty managed by the rider himself, but which no other mortal durst approach, he bore down all before him. The names of the victims I cannot here enumerate; but the French suffered terribly. Perrault, plucked out of his saddle by mighty force, was hurled at Fontenelle, the same blow dashing out the brains of both. Inferior only to Homer in valorous efficiency was Virgil, who, bestriding a dapple-grey steed of the highest spirit and strength, careered over the field in search of opponents: but, behold, upon a sorrel gelding of a monstrous size, appeared a foe making much more noise than speed,—for his horse, old and lean, spent the dregs of his vigour in a high trot, which, though it made slow advances, yet caused a loud clang and dash of arms, terrible to hear! . . . There is, in short, not a line in this wonderful piece of humorous fancy, however absurd on the surface, which does not contain an extraordinary depth of meaning.

Mr. Adams is so far original in this passage that he certainly makes a change in the language. What is, however, not a little curious, he makes his changes even when the words are not Mr. Forster's, but Swift's. His caution surely is excessive. There is

MR. FORSTER.

He never called himself, nor permitted others to call him, an Irishman. He was an Englishman settled in Ireland. He was in the habit of saying frequently to others what he wrote to the second Lord Oxford in 1737. He happened to be dropped there; was one year old when he left it first; and to his sorrow did not die before he went to it again.—Forster's *Life of Swift*, p. 25.

MR. FORSTER.

The exploits of Homer alone went far to decide the day. "Mounted on a furious horse, with difficulty managed by the rider himself, but which no other mortal durst approach, he bore down all before him." Not here may be written the list of his victims . . . but his condign execution on the beginners of the fray is part of my narrative. "He took Perrault by mighty force out of his saddle, then hurled him at Fontenelle, with the same blow dashing out both their brains." Only second to him in efficiency is Virgil, who, mounted on a dapple-grey steed of the highest metal and vigour, busily seeks out objects worthy of his valour, "when, behold, upon a sorrel gelding of a monstrous size," appears a foe making less speed than noise, "for his horse, old and lean, spent the dregs of his strength in a high trot, which, though it made slow advances, yet caused a loud clashing of his armour terrible to hear." . . . There is, in short, not a line in this extraordinary piece of concentrated humour, however seemingly filled with absurdity, that does not run over with sense and meaning.

no copyright of the *Battle of the Books*. An author may "consult" it to his heart's content. It would seem that he did not understand the meaning of the marks of quotation that Mr. Forster uses; for it is scarcely to be supposed that, with all his audacity, he would have ventured to improve on the language of Swift. Be this as it may, by the time he had reached the last sentence in the passage we have just quoted, where the "conveyance" from Mr. Forster is even more barefaced than usual, it was time, he felt, to bring his consultations to a close. Accordingly, he begins with an avowed quotation from the splendid fragment. There is some advantage in such a method as this. The reader naturally enough, when he sees his author honestly using quotation marks, assumes that all that had come before was original.

The following is the description given by our two authors—the consulter and the consulted—of Swift's personal appearance:—

MR. ADAMS.

His personal appearance was calculated to draw attention and gratify the eye. He was about five feet eight inches and a half in height; full but not corpulent in figure, with regular and commanding features; a high, broad forehead, heavy-lidded blue eyes, which under bushy black eyebrows could melt with softness or flash with anger; a slightly aquiline nose, a firm mouth with closed lips, a dimpled double chin, and a general air of calm superiority,—the pride of a man who felt that he was not as other men. Over women he exercised an extraordinary ascendancy: the ladies of the Berkeley and Ormond families, Mrs. Finch, Lady Worsley, Lady Stanley, Lady Lucy Stanhope, Miss Barton, Mrs. Long, and all the fair wits and intelligent fine ladies of the period, burned incense on his shrine. "When I lived in England," he told Bishop Horsley's (*sic*) daughter at a later time, &c.

MR. FORSTER.

His personal appearance was very attractive. Features regular yet striking, forehead high and temples broad and massive, heavy-lidded blue eyes, to which his dark complexion and bushy black eyebrows gave unusual capacity for sternness, as well as brilliance, a nose slightly aquiline, mouth resolute with full closed lips, a handsome dimpled double chin, and over all the face the kind of pride not grown of superciliousness or scorn, but of an easy, confident, calm superiority. . . . Wonderful in his influence over women, to enumerate thus early his female friends would be to name the principal Whig and some Tory toasts of the time. [Here follows the list of the ladies.] . . . "When I lived in England," he told Bishop Hoadley's daughter, in later days, &c.

How amazing is the confusion which turns Bishop Hoadley into Bishop Horsley! Has Mr. Adams never read of "the mighty spear of Horsley" which, if we may trust Gibbon, pierced Priestley's "Socinian shield"? He might at all events have turned to his dictionary of biography, where he would have learnt that Horsley was twelve years old when Swift died.

It is not only Mr. Forster that Mr. Adams consults; Sir Walter Scott he has treated in much the same way. He borrows from him without acknowledgment, and modestly repays the debt by improving on his author's language. One quotation shall show the extent of his obligations to Scott:—

MR. ADAMS.

From logic, the great object of the attentions of professors and students, he turned away disgusted. His shrewd wit rejected with contempt the cobweb subtleties of Smiglecius, Keckermannus, Burgersdicius, and other worthies, whose writings were as ponderous as their names; nor could his tutor ever persuade him to read three pages in one of them, though some general knowledge of the commentators upon Aristotle was indispensable to passing his examination for his degrees. But it must be confessed that even to more congenial studies he gave but little of his time. He read and wrote chiefly for amusement, and to dissipate that melancholy mood to which, from his earliest years, he was unfortunately predisposed. But in whatever way he read, he must have acquired an extensive amount of various information, since it is known that he had already conceived the idea and drawn out the plan of his "Tale of a Tub."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Logic, then deemed a principal object of learning, was in vain presented to his notice; for his disposition altogether rejected the learned sophistry of Smiglecius, Keckermannus, Burgersdicius, and other ponderous worthies now hardly known by name; nor could his tutor ever persuade him to read three pages in one of them, though some acquaintance with the commentators of Aristotle was absolutely necessary at passing examination for his degrees. Neither did he pay regular attention to other studies more congenial to his disposition. He read and studied rather for amusement, and to divert melancholy reflections, than with the zeal of acquiring knowledge. But his reading, however desultory, must have been varied and extensive, since he is said to have already drawn a rough sketch of the "Tale of a Tub."

Mr. Adams blunders of course in his act of conveyance. Scott's statement that Swift is said to have drawn a rough sketch of the *Tale of a Tub* when at the University is given by Mr. Adams as a positive fact. Mr. Forster states that there is no evidence that any portion of the tale was in existence before 1696—eight years or so after Swift left college.

In one passage Mr. Adams treats Lord Macaulay much as he has treated Mr. Forster and Sir Walter. He is writing of Atterbury's reply to Bentley, and he says:—

Macaulay calls it a most remarkable book, which reminds one of Goldsmith's observation, that the French would be the best cooks in the world if they had any butcher's meat, for they can make ten dishes out of a nettle-top. It really deserves the praise, whatever that praise may be worth, of being the best book ever written by any man on the wrong side of a question of which he was profoundly ignorant.

"A most remarkable book it is," writes Macaulay in his Essay on Temple, "and often reminds us of Goldsmith's observation," &c. Mr. Adams does not give a single quotation mark to show that the whole of the passage we have just quoted is taken from Macaulay. A man of any reading would of course at once recognize the style of the master, but it is not for men of reading

that Mr. Adams writes. It is curious, by the way, to notice how Macaulay, when he came to write his biography of Bishop Atterbury, goes for his illustration, not to Goldsmith, but to Molière. He disdained, we may suppose, to repeat himself. "It is," he wrote of the Reply to Bentley, "the most extraordinary instance that exists of the art of making much show with little substance. There is no difficulty, says the steward of Molière's miser, in giving a fine dinner with plenty of money; the really great cook is he who can set out a banquet with no money at all."

We have written enough to prove that Mr. Adams is not cured of his old habits. We have not, however, exposed all the blunders into which he has fallen. We have shown how he confuses Lord Oxford with Lord Orford, and Bishop Hoadley with Bishop Horsley. He makes worse errors even than these. We will not insist too much on his writing Kilroost for Kilroot, and Hester Johnson for Esther Johnson. Such errors are not of great importance. His readers perhaps may be a little puzzled when they come across Harley and Bolingbroke at p. 194, Harley and St. John at p. 195, and Harley and St. John, and Harley and Bolingbroke at p. 166. At the time of which he is writing both men were peers. It is a little more puzzling to learn that Swift began his second period of residence with Temple early in 1676. Even if he had been a most precocious youth, still the age of eight would be unusually early for a human being—man we cannot call him, and child we ought not to call him—to resume his duties as secretary with a retired statesman. But, passing over these inaccuracies as trifling, what are we to make of the Petition (*sic*) Treaty, which led to the impeachment of four Whig peers? In one footnote Mr. Adams tells us that Mr. Charles Boyle was afterwards Lord Denny, and in another that Atterbury was afterwards Bishop of Gloucester. It is easy to account for the first blunder by the assumption that he does not write a very clear hand, and that in copying out his notes he mistook *Orrery* for *Denny*. But his handwriting must be bad indeed if it is to bear the blame of the confusion which has turned Rochester into Gloucester. With his blunders in Latin we shall bring our too long notice to a conclusion. We had observed, in hastily turning over the pages of some of the other Wrecked Lives, *res augusta domi, and pueris virginibus que*. Such errors we might charitably set down to the printer. But what printer's shoulders are broad enough to bear the last half of the epitaph on Swift as given by Mr. Adams?

Abi, viator,
Et imitator (*sic*), si potius (*sic*),
Strenuum pro virili libertatis vindicem.
Obiit Anno 1745:
Mensis Octobris Diu (*sic*) 19,
Ætatis Anno 78.

This inscription—Mr. Adams's version of it we mean—does indeed, as he says, suggest to the reader a significant lesson. Had the lines, however, been copied, not by Mr. Adams, but by some schoolboy of the lower forms, they might have suggested to his master one of the means by which a lesson may be rendered more significant still. Certainly many a boy has been soundly birched for a far less serious error than writing "imitator si potius," instead of "imitare si poteris," and for making *dū* the ablative case of *dies*.

ALBANIA.*

MR. KNIGHT'S lively little volume makes its appearance at a very fortunate moment, when such names as Dulcigno and Antivari are in the mouth of everybody. It may be hoped that henceforth they will be consigned again to their natural obscurity; but, be that as it may, Mr. Knight deserves any luck they may bring him. "Travel" is perhaps a somewhat ambitious name for the work he performed, if by travel we are meant to understand the leisurely examination of a country. But he volunteered in an off-hand and light-hearted way for an interesting piece of adventurous touring, carrying it out with spirit, and, on the whole, with success, though he did not altogether attain his main object. He had intended to traverse Northern Albania from north to south. As it was, owing to the force of circumstances altogether beyond his control, he was compelled to stop short of Gussinje and turn back when within sight of the promised land. But, if he did not penetrate those savage districts, which were then as they are now terrorized by the Albanian League, he sampled the scenery and the population from the specimens he saw on the outskirts. He coasted the eastern shores of the Adriatic; he visited the Black Mountain and looked in at Cetinje; he made a comparatively long stay at Scutari, enlivened by sundry excursions in the neighbourhood; and he describes the exciting incidents of the tour with an animation which carries us heartily along with him.

We confess to having been somewhat prejudiced against his little book in the beginning by the vein in which it commenced. The author seemed to lay himself out laboriously to be funny, and we confess that comic travels are our detestation. But we were speedily reconciled to his style, finding it suitable to his subjects and his mode of touring. He was bound to laugh over his hardships, otherwise he must have fallen back on swearing and grumbling, spoiling thereby the pleasure of the trip. We have seldom met with anybody who seemed to set such slight store by minor inconveniences; and in the same way

he faced actual dangers with a gay indifference which went far towards disposing of them. How he came to undertake the trip was in this way. One morning last autumn he was sitting in his chambers, cogitating over arrangements for the Long Vacation, when a friend offered a suggestion which came to him like an interposition of Providence. The friend had three friends of his own who were on the point of starting for an expedition in Albania, and they would be delighted to have Mr. Knight to make up the quartet. The introduction was promptly effected; the arrangements were as promptly made; and Mr. Knight started in advance with "Mr. Brown"—he dubs his companions Brown, Jones, and Robinson—to prepare the way for the other two. As it was, thanks to the dilatoriness of Robinson and Jones, the four travelling companions only met much later in Scutari. The party had but vague ideas as to the countries they proposed to visit and the requisites of travel. But Robinson, whose store of actual knowledge proved the smallest, "had evolved an Albania from his inner consciousness," and they equipped themselves for that land of their companion's fancy with articles which never came into use. They carried rifles, for example, for the big game which was non-existent; and a cumbersome tent which was never set up, save on a single occasion when they sacrificed themselves to the enjoyment of it. But, if their outfit showed signs of inexperience or ignorance, they proved themselves of the right stuff for such a journey. They had the very useful gift of making acquaintances everywhere, and of turning casual acquaintances into helpful allies. Without, so far as we are given to understand, having provided themselves with any regular introduction, they were passed on from hand to hand, finding amateur guides and influential travelling protectors. The account of Cattaro, where they disembarked at the foot of the Black Mountain, with the motley population of divers races who crowded the esplanade of an evening, is very picturesque. We see the old Venetian stronghold rising before us, with its battlemented walls starting from either end of the little town and running along the edges of precipices overhanging bottomless abysses, till at length they meet at this crowning fort at a height of at least a thousand feet above the sea level. By the way, *à propos* of Cattaro, Mr. Knight tells a good story of the political knowledge which some of the English envoys carried to the momentous Conference of Berlin. It was a question of bringing the Turks to terms with the Montenegrins, when, if we may trust Mr. Knight, a certain noble lord hit upon a suggestion. "Why not," he asked confidentially of one of the Turkish plenipotentiaries; "why not let the Montenegrins have Cattaro?" The Turk saw no objection in the world; and the Englishman hurried away to one of his Austrian colleagues to intimate that he had found a solution of the knotty question. He is said to have been greatly astonished when the amused Austrian delicately intimated that Cattaro was a fortress of the Empire, and consequently not in the gift of the Turks.

The "hill road" from Cattaro to Cetinje has been often described. Mr. Knight, who is always ready with an anecdote, relates how, when the Prince of Montenegro paid his visit to Vienna, the Austrian Emperor presented him, by way of an appropriate gift, with a handsome state carriage and horses. The Prince was highly gratified; but the carriage still remains at Cattaro, where his horses have been eating their heads off, pending the completion of the road, which is advancing very slowly. In the meantime nothing can be more sublimely beautiful than the views over the Adriatic from the mountain track by which travellers climb to the village capital. Once arrived at Cetinje, however, one is comparatively in clover. Formerly foreign visitors were even rarer than at present, and they were welcomed to the "palace" with primitive hospitality. But, with the increasing notoriety that has been attracting people to the place, the drain on the national treasury would be serious if old customs were kept up. So Prince Nicholas, who knows something of political economy, has turned a cause of deficit into a source of profit. A very comfortable hotel has been started, with an old servant of the palace as major-domo, though the establishment is mounted in characteristic style, and a warlike mountaineer armed to the teeth ushers the guests to the bedrooms in the place of a chambermaid. The Prince is autocratic, and has done much to reform his subjects, so far as their amiable weakness for brigandage and deeds of violence is concerned. But, though the little State is the most absolute of monarchies in miniature, the tone of manners and society is in the extreme of republican equality. Adjoining the hotel is a café fitted with a billiard-table, which is very generally patronized. And at the table, "playing together for pots of Austrian beer, were the Minister of Finance, the Prince's adjutant, the innkeeper, the postman, and the potboy." Although they treated him with extreme civility, Mr. Knight formed no very high opinion of the chivalrous Montenegrins. He hints that their high-bred courtesy of manners and their recent social reforms are owing in great measure to an abiding sense that the eyes of Europe are upon them, and that they are bound accordingly to be on their very best behaviour. They are personally brave and absolutely reckless of life, but in intellectual promise and capacity for political development Mr. Knight ranks them below their Albanian neighbours, whom they detest and affect to despise. It need hardly be said that the feelings of hatred and contempt are most cordially reciprocated by the Albanians, whether Mussulmans or Christians. Nor are the atrociously barbarous practices of their warfare by any means exploded or abandoned, although the Prince, to do him justice, has striven,

* *Albania: a Narrative of Recent Travel.* By E. F. Knight, Barrister-at-Law. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1880.

not quite unsuccessfully, to repress them. In the last war a young Montenegrin was made prisoner; and, as he had been wounded, was sent to the Scutari hospital. Being singularly handsome and prepossessing as well, he was greatly petted by the lady nurses. But from the first an objectionable smell was remarked by his bedside, which gradually became more and more insupportable. The cause was traced to the coat which was rolled up by his side, and in which were eighteen Turkish noses, the cherished trophies of the young warrior's campaigning.

When Messrs. Knight and Brown had crossed the frontier into Albania, they found they had to rough it in earnest, and their hardships were occasionally spiced with danger. They had to fall into the country fashion of sleeping in their clothes, making their night toilet by simply removing their boots, and resigning themselves, with what serenity they could muster, as a prey to legions of hungry insects. Indeed the Albanians carry their horror of ablution so far that when Mr. Brown committed himself thoughtlessly to a bath in the river, his companions had to explain away his conduct by setting it down to an enfeebled intellect. Nevertheless the people were extremely friendly and hospitable; nor would the Englishmen have had much difficulty in exploring the country, had it not been for the existence of "the Albanian League," and for the fact that they had retraced their route so far from Scutari as to pay a flying visit to a Montenegrin camp. Considering that they had been so recently in communication with the enemy in arms, it was not unnatural that they should be regarded with suspicion, nor would it have been astonishing had they been treated as spies. Fortunately they had an excellent friend in our well-known Consul, Mr. Kirby Green, who seems to have established an extraordinary influence over the half-savage inhabitants of these mountains. At that time the League had its headquarters in the mountain fortress of Gussinje, and Messrs. Knight and Brown had set their hearts upon going thither. Though they failed, they did all that men could do to succeed; and, had they succeeded, it is improbable they would have survived to narrate these thrilling adventures. Ali Pasha commanded in the place, a man deeply compromised in the murder of Mehemet Ali at Jacova, and he had a force under him that was variously estimated at from six thousand to thirty thousand men. But, though estimates of his strength varied so widely, there was no difference of opinion as to the *morale* of his men. They were either fanatics of the most savage type, or the scum and dregs of some of the surrounding tribes. Of their bigotry, and their thirst for the blood of the infidels, the English travellers were nearly having a conclusive proof. After several futile attempts at obtaining influential escorts or satisfactory safe-conducts, they had reached a hut within two hours' march of the fortress, where they hoped by negotiation to carry out their plan. Ali Bey was frank enough—at all events he offered them impossible conditions. If they chose to come to him, they must come as hostages to answer for the withdrawal of the invading Montenegrin troops. Accepting that as his last word, they had reluctantly decided to turn back, when a couple of armed ruffians arrived at the hut, professing to come as the Bey's envoys. It proved to be the object of these scoundrels to lure the strangers into an ambush, or, failing that, to murder them where they were. The Englishmen escaped, thanks to the presence of a Franciscan missionary and the loyalty of the mountaineer at whose table they were seated; and having seen enough, as we should imagine, of the manners of the country, they made their way back through Montenegro to Dulcigno and Antivari. But, although they had an exceedingly interesting and exciting trip, which they have related in a very pleasant little volume, we may doubt whether it will become a fashion with English barristers to spend the Long Vacation in Albania.

ADAM AND EVE.*

IN *Adam and Eve* Mrs. Parr has produced a story marked by many merits, and injured, as three-volume novels too often are injured, by what we cannot but regard as a blunder committed in the third volume. The author has laid her scene in an out-of-the-way fishing-village in Cornwall, and has dated it at the time when smuggling was still a profitable if dangerous calling, regarded by its followers, honest enough in other matters, as a perfectly legitimate, if not legal, means of making money. Smuggling, it may be remembered, carried on in the same circumstances, but in a different place, played an important part in a novel of Mr. Blackmore's which we reviewed not long ago, and it is only lately that Mr. Hardy wrote for a magazine which has since vanished a telling story of a few chapters which dealt with the same subject. It is one which offers many temptations and advantages to a novelist, affording constant opportunities for picturesque description both of scenery and of a mode of life which is now practically extinct. Of these advantages Mrs. Parr has made the most. Her descriptions of nature in its varying moods, and of the dispositions and ways of the strange and interesting folk among whom she takes us, are capital. Nor, till we come to the mistake to which we have referred, is there any serious shortcoming in her treatment of the important characters. With this exception, they, like the people who have a less direct concern with the plot of the book, are well conceived,

and drawn with a lifelike vigour. But, as we have said, when it becomes necessary to bring about a catastrophe, her powers fail her, and with a strange want of the dramatic instinct which is absolutely necessary to a novel with a serious plot, she makes perhaps her best-drawn character up to that point do a deed so repugnant to his whole nature that no skill or power could reconcile us to the glaring contradiction. A possibly minor fault, which however also exhibits a want of appreciation of character, is that this deed is led up to by a precisely similar one committed by a rival of the hero's, under the influence of feelings which might palliate, if they could not excuse, the offence. Reuben May's action in betraying Eve's lover with all his companions into the hands of the Excise officers is, if not very attractive, conceivable enough, especially when it is remembered that, according to his views, he was saving Eve from a terrible fate by what he did. Adam Pascal's subsequent action in turning King's evidence, under the influence of an unfounded jealousy, against the comrade who had long served under him is outrageously inconceivable, and the inevitable result is that the reader loses all interest in the book when he comes to this extraordinary incident, which, fortunately perhaps, occurs at the latter end of the third volume.

Adam and Eve opens with a vivid description of the heroine's distressed condition. Her mother, who has lately died,

had come of a family who had seen better days, in right of which they could never overlook that their orphan cousin had thrown herself away on a common seafaring man who had nothing but his handsome face and his dare-devil stories to set before her; and although the despised husband never returned from the voyage during which Eve was born, the relations saw in this no cause to restrain their tongues, nor (*sic*) alter their judgment, and the sore-hearted widow, resenting these continual jobations, gradually withdrew herself from her family, until not only had all communication ceased between them, but their very existence was no longer known to her.

On the other hand, Mrs. Pascal knew nothing more of her husband's family than that he had "a brother and some cousins living in an out-of-the-way village in Cornwall," and, from what she had heard of them she felt "that she would sooner beg her bread in London than live at ease with those who, to use her husband's words, feared neither God nor devil." Thus the offer which came from these people to "do for her and the little maid," if they would come to Cornwall after Andrew Pascal's death, was not accepted, and it was more a feeling of respect due to Pascal's memory than anything else which made Mrs. Pascal on her deathbed command Eve to write to her Cornish relations. The orphan daughter is somewhat puzzled by the letter of invitation which comes in reply; she would like to go to Cornwall; but she does not know where to house the old furniture, which was a kind of fetish to her mother, until she thinks of her friend and admirer, Reuben May, the watchmaker. The scene which follows between the two when Eve goes to make her request to Reuben is both true and pretty, and it ends with an understanding "that, though there was no engagement on either part, each was bound, in case of change, to render an account of his or her feelings to the other." Still truer in its perception is the ensuing scene where Reuben comes to help Eve on her way to the ship which is to carry her to her unknown relatives at Polperro. She is waiting for him alone at four o'clock in the morning, full of doubt and perplexity as to her future, and as to whether she does right in going to Cornwall, instead of staying, as her mother had wished, working at her lace-mending in London. "Did it not seem as if she was forsaking that mother in thus going away from all that while they were together had grown familiar?" She is overcome by her memories and emotions, and bursts into a passion of tears, which prevents her from hearing, at first, Reuben's approach as he enters the room. Reuben, on his side, is deeply moved by the sight of her distress, and is undecided what to do. "Alas, poor Reuben! had he loved less he would have ventured more, but great love is seldom venturesome; held back by a thousand emotions, it stands trembling on the threshold over which a more selfish passion strides triumphant." Moved, then, by a purely unselfish desire to spare Eve pain, he represses his own feelings, and addresses her in a tone of commonplace surprise:—

"Come, come, Eve; why, what are you thinking of? I thought to find you ready and waiting for me; it won't do, you know, to drive things off to the last minute, or if so—" and the rest of the sentence was drowned by the noise he made in unnecessarily dragging a box from one side of the room to the other, after which, expending a further surplus of energy in giving vigorous pulls to sundry stray pieces of rope, Reuben turned to find Eve standing up ready and waiting.

At sight of her wan face all his firmness seemed to desert him, and involuntarily stretching out his hand he laid it on her shoulder.

"Eve," he said, "my dear one, if you could see my heart torn in two to see you suffer!"

But the sympathy had come too late, the recoil had been given; those first few words had turned the depth of feeling back upon herself, and the heart which lay cold and dull within Eve no longer felt reproach for herself, nor craved sympathy for her suffering.

"I'm quite ready now," she said, with a little movement which told Reuben more effectually than words that his small show of affection was displeasing to her. "I've said good-bye to everybody, I'll take these small things down, and tell the man to come, and you'll help him with the boxes on to the truck?"

"Then ain't you coming up again?"

"No; I shall go slowly on, and you can overtake me;" and, without another look at him, or at the room she was leaving, Eve went downstairs and passed out of the house into the street.

Just before she goes on board the vessel which is to take her to Polperro he makes one wild appeal to her to stop, impelled by a

* *Adam and Eve*. By Mrs. Parr. Author of "Dorothy Fox," &c. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son.

strange presentiment of coming evil; but she answers him only that it is too late.

Eve's journey to and arrival at Polperro are given with much vividness and humour, as is the account of her surprise at the luxury of her uncle's house, in which she is received by his niece and her cousin Joan, whose character is singularly fresh and pleasant. The talk of the various village people to whom she is by degrees introduced is full of life and character, and the Cornish dialect is well and correctly employed, without ever becoming tiresome. Eve is full of delight at the view of the sea which she gets from a point near the house; and, when Joan comes out to bring her in to breakfast, apologizes for her delay by saying, "It is so lovely; oh! I could spend my day looking at it!" "Looking at it," repeated Joan; "looking at what? Where have 'ee been to the top to? Why the maid's mazed," she laughed; "there's nothin' up there to look at." Later on the two girls pay a visit to a house in the village, the hostess of which says of Eve's manner of speech, "Doesn't her clip her words? 'Tis a purty way o' talkin' though, and all's of a piece with her." Then she adds, with a look at Eve's black gown, "You've a lost somebody, my dear, haven't 'ee?" and, on Eve's explaining that she has lost her mother, goes into a discourse on the subject, which is worth quoting:—

"Ah, that's a sore loss, that is. I've a lost my awn mother, so I can tell. Poor old saw! I thinks I see her now! When we children had bin off, nobody knows how long, and her worritin' and thinkin' as was to bottom o' say, her'd come out with a girt big stick and her'd leather us till her couldn't stand, and call us all the raskil rogues her could lay her tongue to. I often thinks of it now, and it brings back her words to me. 'You may find another husband,' her'd say, 'or have another chield, but there's niver but the wan mother.' And some o' that chancy there was hers. Well, that very cup and saucer you'm lookin' at now belonged to she! and so you take it, my dear, and keep it. No! nonsense, but you shall, now!" for Eve was protesting against accepting such a present. "I'll only get broke up into shreds here; and if her was alive, you'd a bin welcome to th' whole dresserful, her was such a free-handed woman! Chaney, tay, liquor, no matter what—so long as she'd got, she'd give."

After this we plunge deep into the strange and interesting life of the smuggling village, with its odd ideas of morality and its perfect contentment with the laws which it has made for itself. Only one person, Adam, Uncle Zebedee's son, has any doubt as to the fitness of these and the propriety of the trade by which the whole village may be said to live; and he, finding that radical reform is impossible, temporizes by taking the leadership to which his bodily and mental powers seem naturally to appoint him, and doing his best to preserve such order and controlment as is possible. This is a state of things which makes him, if feared and admired, not half so popular as one Jerrem, who, having been picked up when a child as a cast-away from a wreck, has been adopted by Joan's family. His winning, facile ways had in childhood and boyhood robbed Adam of some portion of the love which should by right have been his, and the early antagonism has not disappeared when the two grow up to manhood. Jerrem, thoughtless and mischievous, takes a certain delight in flouting his social accomplishments in the face of the stern and thoughtful Adam, and is the cause of much heartburning to Adam in respect of Eve. There is the more reason for this because Uncle Zebedee had expressed a decided wish before Eve's arrival that a match could be made between her and Jerrem. Adam, however, in a love-scene which is strong and simple, declares himself, and is accepted by Eve; and their happiness is marred only by Jerrem's foolishly continued attempts to make an impression upon her, by her consequent alarm as to the probability of a serious quarrel between the two, and the enforced absence of Adam in pursuit of his illegal calling, until the plot is thickened by the arrival of Reuben May from London. He has heard of Eve's engagement, and has come down to Polperro with the intention of dissuading her from marrying Adam, having first managed honestly to persuade himself that his personal interest in the matter from a lover's point of view is at an end. He has come, he says, "to speak to you like a friend, and ask you to tell me what sort of people these are that you're among, and how the man gets his living that you're thinking of being married to?" Eve replies that he evidently knows all about it, and he retorts by asking whether what he has been told is true. "Oh! I daresay it's true enough," she said; "people ain't likely to tell you false about a thing nobody here feels ashamed to own to." "Not ashamed of being drunkards, law-breakers—thieves!" said Reuben, sternly. At this Eve naturally breaks out in wrath, and Reuben as naturally by his succeeding remarks irritates her more and more, until, moved by a sneer of his, she lets out in the heat of the moment a piece of information which Reuben afterwards remembers with fatal effect. Here, as may be guessed, is the beginning of the catastrophe of which we have spoken; and though in the conduct of this and the winding up of the book there is one capital flaw, it must be admitted that, in the management of the various accidents which lead up to the crisis in an unforeseen way, Mrs. Parr has displayed not a little ingenuity and talent for the weaving of an intricate, but not too intricate, plot. Any shortcomings which may exist in this we could readily consider as outweighed by the writer's manifest merit; but we cannot pardon the deliberate conversion of a high-minded man at a moment's notice into one who does not scruple to seek the very meanest means of gaining, as he thinks, his revenge. It is irritating to come upon such an incident as this at the end of a book which is so full of interest, and which contains so many striking scenes, and such pleasant, fresh, and well-drawn characters.

STEVENSON ON HOUSE ARCHITECTURE.

WITH some books the reader's first question is, naturally, "What does he say?" and with others, "What does it say?" Those who have concerned themselves with the architectural polemics of the past decade will be apt to put the former interrogatory when they recollect that the author of these volumes was not only a ferrent combatant in that onslaught of anti-restorationists and knights of Queen Anne which so sorely vexed Sir Gilbert Scott's later days, but that his artistic achievements are among the conspicuous features of Lowther Mansions and Pont Street, not to mention other quarters of London. We are glad to say that readers who may buckle to in hopes of seeing sport will be disappointed at the author's cautious peacefulness. On the other hand, genuine students will be rewarded with a well-written, painstaking, and matter-full, though sometimes diffuse, treatise on the subject-matter indicated on the title-page, composed (with now and then a slight revelation of preference) in an eclectic spirit, and utterly incapable of giving a triumph to any side in a controversy which labours under the difficulty that the assailants are always compelled to wage a Parthian warfare.

Indeed the Introduction, in its forcible insistence upon reality of planning and material, sounds like an echo of Pugin's still stinging *True Principles*. Yet, effusive as Mr. Stevenson is in his praises of Mr. Ruskin from one end to the other of his work, there is not the slightest reference to Pugin; as far as he is concerned, no Pugin might ever have existed. Not for the first time we find ourselves compelled to ask with some indignation, Why are our aesthetic lights of a younger generation so forgetful, or, it may be, so ignorant of—but under either theory so ungrateful to—Pugin's great services to artistic truth? At the time when he wrote, his unpopular belief might have been urged as an excuse, though a very poor one. Now, however, folks pretend to be tolerant, if not indifferent. Alkin to this strange omission is a remarkable chronological inaccuracy in p. 23 of the first volume, where Mr. Stevenson fixes on a period between twenty and thirty years ago as the date when contempt for beauty in the streets of our provincial towns was at its climax, instead of recognizing that at about that date the tide had begun decidedly to turn in favour of architectural composition.

We shall make no attempt to digest the vast mass of historical information contained in Mr. Stevenson's first volume. Of course a treatise which ignores the existence of any ideal types of style cuts itself off from the appreciation of the highest excellence. But from his point of view Mr. Stevenson is laborious and fair, and his style is sometimes forcible, although in every portion of the work it would gain by compression. He has in one respect a clear advantage over other historians of architecture—namely, in his selection of a range of study so precisely limited as one which altogether excludes ecclesiastical structures and, to a large extent, public buildings. At the same time, the limitation must be a distinct impediment to any broad appreciation of chronological architecture, as the investigator is cut off from so many very important classes of world-famous examples. The variety of cosmopolitan sources from which Mr. Stevenson derives his examples is very praiseworthy, though we could not help being a little amused to find at last that the building on which the brightest aureole of encomium seemed to rest was the old College of Glasgow, a picturesque structure of the seventeenth century. A similar patriotism makes Mr. Stevenson repeat more than once, as something rich and rare, the presentment of a phase of *bourgeois* house, for which, as we are told, Scotland in the eighteenth century was responsible, comprising in one grim whole a central door, oblong windows stiffly matching on either side, and big goggling dormers in the roof. Few of his readers, we should think, would share in his regrets at the decadence of this offshoot of provincial ugliness.

The number and variety of the woodcuts add considerably to the attractiveness of both the volumes, while, by a refinement of consideration for the reader's trouble, several which serve to illustrate more than one passage are on each occasion repeated.

In the second volume the author, as he himself points out, travels over much the same ground as Professor Kerr did in his well-known treatise. We are unable to agree with the dislike which Mr. Stevenson expresses for the multiplication of specialized rooms. He is driven by way of argument to assert that "empty rooms make a dreary house." We ask, why so? They make an airy one, no doubt, as stuffing and cramming never can do, and so much the better, and when they are not wanted they can always be locked up. To be sure, they also make it to a certain extent an expensive house to keep up, and this to persons of moderate means would be a reasonable objection. Expense is not, however, the ground of Mr. Stevenson's exception; but, as far as we can gather, an odd sort of feeling of loving perpetually and at all hours to abide among identical objects.

Mr. Stevenson is very minute in his study of the details of comfort as it is enhanced or checked by the relative size and position of the rooms, and we willingly recognize much which is valuable in his suggestions. But what glamour came over him that he does not offer the loudest of warnings to his clients against those persecutors of all righteous house-planners, the bellhangers? Our ubiquitous and philanthropic Home Secretary ought really to turn his attention for a few moments from juvenile delinquents to those far more

* *House Architecture*. By J. J. Stevenson. 2 vols. Vol. I.—Architecture. Vol. II.—Planning. London: Macmillan & Co. 1880.

malignant enemies of society. We fear the ladies would frown upon Mr. Stevenson's dictum that in bed-rooms, or of course in dressing-rooms, the dressing-table should stand against the wall between two windows, so as to hide the ugliness of the back of the looking-glass. Did it never strike the writer that the exceptional darkness which specially signalizes this particular portion of every room would be hardly propitious to the use which ladies at all events are apt to make of looking-glasses? As to his reason, all we can say is that the back of a looking-glass may easily be made ornamental. Surely Mr. Morris would not faint before the labour. In his speculations upon the shape and proportions of dining-rooms the author quite forgets the probability of the judicious householder procuring a round table, and thus, like Arthur and Edward III., purchasing sociability and pleasant converse at the cost of stiff dignity. The speculations on the philosophy of the billiard-room are thoughtful, although we quite demur to Mr. Stevenson's placing it before himself as an object to make it easy to play billiards in shirt-sleeves. We have always looked on a billiard-room as the triumph of civilization, and not as a survival of savagery. A billiard-room which is not accessible and acceptable to the ladies of the family had better not form part of a private house. Let the ladies allow shirt-sleeves—we would only praise their sense and liberality. But we protest against the architect building for shirt-sleeves, and so ousting womanhood of its rights in a room of common amusement. We may remind Mr. Stevenson that the one Scotchman to whom a joke was not forbidden fruit summed up the philosophy of billiard-rooms in a single sentence. The billiard-room, according to Henry Drummond, ought to be separate from the other living-rooms, because its object was to draw away the bore after breakfast. It is inexplicable that Mr. Stevenson, who has devoted so much thought to placing his billiard-room in correspondence with the other apartments, should be quite silent upon that which, merely viewed as a constructional problem, is one which will more closely test the architect's capacity—the placing, the adjustment, and the fitting up, of the domestic chapel. Yet Mr. Stevenson must be well aware in how many cases the domestic chapel has been restored in or added to an old house, or else made part of a new one. Sometimes it is an apartment fitted with all the requisites of complete worship, sometimes a simple prayer-room. In either case, however, it is an enterprise in which the house-builder may succeed or bungle; so that he has a strong claim on the apostle of house-building for guidance in that which is assuredly a branch of domestic architecture. An Agnostic would be no more compelled by Mr. Stevenson's handling the topic to garnish his house with a chapel for devotions which he despised than a Puritan who took our author as his guide would find himself under the necessity of providing a billiard-room for amusements which he condemned.

In his advice about nurseries Mr. Stevenson shows considerable good sense, while he aptly illustrates the difference between English and French social notions by the inadequacy of the nursery suggested in M. Viollet le Duc's *Histoire d'une Maison*. We sympathize with the author's protest against Professor Kerr's tendency to create too fastidious a seclusion of servants from the employers. The separation of sexes is quite another matter. The kitchen and its relations to the dining-room are well thought out, but among the uses and apparatus of the "service-room" the writer forgets a tap of fresh water, with a sink. Facilities for quickly and completely washing plates, forks, spoons, and glasses during the progress of dinner greatly economize the servants' labour and add to the comfort of the guests. Only to mention one more point, Mr. Stevenson duly appreciates that pleasant apartment found in many modern houses which is partly central hall and partly living-room. The architect, however, who plans it must be careful in his precautions that its interior is not in sight from the front door, and that the servant who confronts visitors is able to take unseen the pleasure of those inside.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

LIEUTENANT VERY'S treatise on the naval armaments of the world (1) has the merit at least of recency and completeness, bringing down our information as to the relative force of different navies to a very late period. The author does not always distinguish with sufficient clearness—or perhaps does not indicate to readers unacquainted with the technical form of official reports—what ships are actually afloat and in service, what are antiquated, and what are building, or, if built, not yet completed so as to form an actual effective part of the fighting force of the country to which they belong. Moreover, while giving in the text an elaborate, and often a very intelligible, description of each of the more powerful and more recent vessels individually, he leaves the reader to seek in the tables facts without which the description is worthless for purposes of comparison—as, for instance, the thickness of the armour. Almost every effective ship afloat finds a place in his list, and her general character is so far indicated, in terms perhaps not more technical than is necessary to distinctness and brevity, that any professional reader, at all events, can understand her nature, and form at least a general idea of the com-

parative strength of different Powers in each class of vessels. There is an almost equally full and careful account of the different systems of gunnery, of the guns constructed, the principles of their construction, the factories where they are cast, and the especial merit claimed for each in strength, projectile force, and facility of movement. Two points will probably strike the unprofessional reader—first, the extreme difficulty of forming an estimate of the actual effective power of any single navy, and still more the impossibility of assigning a distinct place to each, of estimating accurately the power given to one or another by the number and strength of the guns and vessels of which it can dispose. It seems utterly impossible even to conjecture what might be the result of a naval war in which two or three Powers might be engaged on either side. One State may be enormously superior to another in the number of effective fighting ships; but the latter may have one, two, or three reckoned as superior to any that the former possesses. No person unfamiliar with the technicalities of artillery and naval construction can form any adequate notion which of the two is really the stronger; what, for example, might be the result of a contest for the supremacy of the Mediterranean between the fleet of England on the one hand and those of France and Italy on the other. How important a single vessel may be the late South American war has taught us. This is perhaps the one lesson which as yet can be with any confidence drawn from a struggle waged under very exceptional and apparently very interesting and instructive circumstances. Chili had the best of it in every other point. Her troops, her power of movement, her military policy, the strength and foresight of her Government, were all superior to those of the allies. She was considered almost equally superior in naval force. But, so long as the *Huascar* remained in Peruvian hands, it seemed, to the outer world at least, that Chili was getting the worst of it. Caught at last by the two Chilean ironclads, the *Huascar*, which formed the sole strength of the Peruvian navy, was taken, and in Lieutenant Very's list she figures as a Chilean vessel. Since her capture the allies have been uniformly worsted by sea and land, have not, we believe, achieved a single success, even a local and temporary victory. It may be that the brilliancy of the *Huascar's* exploits led the general reader greatly to over-rate their practical importance; but it seems certain that with her capture the hopes as well as the fortunes of Peru and Bolivia were utterly and instantly overcast. Perhaps no one vessel could possibly play such a part in a contest between two first-rate or even second-rate Powers; but it is at least conceivable, so far as the general public can see, that the possession of two or three impregnable, or nearly impregnable, vessels, equally well handled, might afford an almost equally important advantage to the inferior navy, and that, if that advantage were well employed, it might, at least for a time, seriously affect the balance of military success. We should like, moreover, to see the lesson of the *Huascar's* exploits treated by a competent professional authority from another point of view—to be informed how far it tells in favour of the idea still maintained by a few old-fashioned and thoughtful judges, that seamanship, skill, and naval tact will play as great a part as ever in maritime war. A very interesting portion of Lieutenant Very's book deals with the maritime engagements of the last twenty years. This period of course excludes the Crimean War. It includes that part of the American Civil War in which the ironclad, or monitor, was yet in an imperfect and inchoate state. The Confederates never had the opportunity of encountering their enemies on the open sea; even on the inland waters they never met upon anything like equal terms. But there were contests between forts and ships whose lesson may be in its way more important than any to be derived from such encounters between armoured vessels as have yet taken place. As a general rule, it may be said that earthworks seldom held their own for more than a few hours against such naval forces as the Federals were able to bring to bear; but it must be remembered that the Federal artillery was greatly superior to that of the Confederates. Even in the field the best Confederate batteries were, almost without an exception, those that had been captured by the prowess of their infantry and cavalry. This fact gives the more significance to the comparative success of Confederate forts defended by masonry, or of more regular construction. In two cases of importance the Confederate earthworks were found too strong for the rude Federal ironclads. At Fort Donaldson two out of four of these, carrying 13 guns apiece, were disabled by the loss of their steering-gear, and the other two were forced to retire, for fear of sinking, by a triple row of earthworks, the lowest of which alone, on the water level, was silenced by the fire of the squadron. On the James River two monitors of somewhat superior construction, and three wooden gunboats, were beaten off by Fort Darling, an earthwork 200 feet above the James River. Forts Moultrie and Sumter utterly baffled throughout the whole war the utmost efforts of the strongest squadron the Union could spare for the attack of the most important and most hated of the Confederate seaports; the defeat on one occasion being quite as signal as any of the successes obtained by the Federal fleets elsewhere. Fort Jackson, a masonry fort below New Orleans, held out for ten days against Farragut's squadron. In fine, out of four attacks on masonry, only one succeeded; out of fifteen attacks on earthworks, only three failed completely. It appears, also, that in nearly every case the strongest Confederate earthworks failed permanently to prevent the passage of the Federal flotilla within six hundred yards. The remarkable weakness of the American navy at the present moment is a notable

(1) *Navies of the World: giving Concise Descriptions of the Plans, Armament, and Armour of the Naval Vessels of Twenty of the Principal Nations, &c.* By Lieutenant E. W. Very, U.S.N. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1880.

fact. There is scarcely one European naval Power of the second, or even of the third rank, against which, according to the usual estimate of effectiveness, the American armoured fleet could be expected to win a regular naval engagement on the high seas. But how far a number of small well-handled gunboats carrying one or two heavy guns apiece may hold their own against an enormously superior nominal force concentrated in a very few great ironclads, each affording an easy mark, is a question yet to be solved.

Dr. Conant's monograph on the *Footprints of Vanished Races in the Mississippi Valley* (2) contains little absolutely new information, and points to no new and trustworthy conclusion respecting that most curious and interesting problem of archaeology, the history of the Mound-builders. But it adds a good deal of detailed evidence to that already accumulated, and tends, we think, very strongly to sustain the author's argument that the Mound-builders could by no possibility have degenerated into anything like even the highest and most civilized tribes of Red Indians known to the earlier European settlers of North America. Whether or not before the European invasion the Indians were already degenerating or dying out, is a point on which as yet the majority of archaeologists would probably hesitate to pronounce a confident opinion; but that the strongest of them were mere isolated tribes of hunters, for whom agriculture was a secondary resource, and whose fortifications were wholly rude and unsentient, appears absolutely certain. The more carefully and fully the works of the Mound-builders are studied, as they have been studied by Dr. Conant, the more distinctly does the high comparative civilization of that strange race stand out. It seems certain that they possessed a mathematical knowledge of which no Indian tribe has retained a vestige. They must have had a complicated religion, a highly organized government, and a military power far from contemptible; while only an elaborate and extensive agriculture could have furnished food, only a large and intelligent agricultural population could have afforded labourers, for such enormous non-productive works. On the purpose of these works, especially of those strange, mysterious mounds in which the form of the mammoth and numerous other animals is clearly traced, Dr. Conant can throw little new light. The question seems to have baffled all investigators, from whatever point of view they have approached it. Perhaps the most interesting speciality of the present treatise is the account of the canal works connecting lakes and river systems, which, if they do not certainly prove, at least suggest, the possession by the Mound-builders of a navy, military and mercantile, worthy of the vast inland water system available to them, and whose value they would seem to have appreciated. From the existence of such canals, whose size indicates navigation, not irrigation, as their purpose, it seems almost an inevitable inference that the empire of those who constructed them extended from the lower, or at least the middle, part of the Mississippi Valley, across the Ohio and the Missouri, as far as the great lakes from which they derived their copper, and probably far to the east—certainly, we should assume, to the Alleghanies, if not to the sea-coast. The existence of such a race would not be at all extraordinary. Their civilization is indicated by their monuments; its defects—probably consequent on the want of stone throughout the greater part of their territory—as well as its extraordinary development within special limits, are intelligible enough; and even if we admit Dr. Conant's doctrine that their earthenware is superior to that of any of the prehistoric races of the Old World, we need hardly suppose them to have been greatly superior to the founders of the Mexican and Peruvian Empires. What is extraordinary and unprecedented in their story is their utter disappearance, leaving not even a tradition behind them, before—nobody knows what or whom; hardly, we may presume, before the scattered savages whom Spanish, Dutch, French, and English explorers found in possession of their deserted territory. This is the peculiarity of the problem, and Dr. Conant's treatise does no more than accumulate some further special and detailed evidence of a kind which renders it more perplexing the more fully it is studied.

Mr. Morais's book (3) might have been at once very interesting, and not a little instructive; but we can hardly think that it is either the one or the other. His sketches are too short to afford any true insight either into the personal character of the men whose career he rather indicates than delineates even in outline, or into the effect of their creed, and their relations to one another and to the outer world, upon their character and fortunes. Moreover, a vast majority of those selected as examples of the intellectual and social eminence attained by members of the Hebrew race within the present century are hardly important enough to find a proper place in such a work. A few of Mr. Morais's characters, like Isaac D'Israeli and Achille Fould, are really among the eminent men of their time; but, on the whole, we are somewhat surprised to find how few Hebrews have attained the first rank, not only in politics, where their race or creed most tells against them, but in art, science, or literature. A dozen, or a score, of the personages enumerated in this volume might properly find a place in such a dictionary as that entitled *Men of Our Time*; but in the whole list there are hardly half a dozen names familiar to the general public, and of these some, like the Rothschilds and the Montefiores, are celebrated chiefly for their wealth and the use they have made of it. The volume bears testimony

rather to the energy and intellectual vigour diffused among the race at large than to the frequency of signal or brilliant examples of worldly or intellectual success; though among those whose eminence is not the less real because their fame is limited by the nature of their pursuits we must recognize such names as those of Deutsch and Weil.

Professor Hosmer's *Short History of German Literature* (4) is, we think, well suited to what appears to be its purpose as a textbook for advanced schools. The author takes a few signal examples among the most eminent names of modern Germany, and dwells at length on the literary character of Lessing, Schiller, Goethe, and others; while in the former part of the volume he describes with equal fullness certain cycles or classes, as the *Nibelungen Lied* and other ballad poetry of the same type, the *Minnesingers*, and so forth, endeavouring to familiarize his readers with a few principal types rather than with a multitude of uninteresting names and tedious details.

Two volumes on our list possess importance and interest of a kind which does not render them suitable for detailed examination here. The *Essays* read before the Ministers' Institute of Providence, Rhode Island (5), deal with a variety of questions of biblical exegesis from the point of view of the most advanced Unitarians, some of them going far beyond the views even of advanced Unitarianism; one or two holding on rather, it would seem, in words than in thought, to the fundamental principles of all religion. The nature of Mr. Heilprin's elaborate volumes on the *Historical Poetry of the Old Testament* (6) is pretty fairly explained by its title-page.

Mr. Bryant's translation of the second part of Hegel's *Ästhetik* (7) falls under our notice in right of a very elaborate introduction by the translator, occupying nearly one-fourth of the whole volume, in which he endeavours to set forth his own view of the Hegelian system, the theory of symbolism, and its development in classical and oriental art and religion.

The Report of the Smithsonian Institution for 1878 (8) possesses, as usual, a certain special interest as a record of the progress made by the Institution itself, and also the general interest always attaching to the collection of papers appended to these reports. Of these the principal in the present case are biographical sketches of Condorcet and Agassiz; an elaborate vindication of Mr. Henry's claims in connexion with the invention and development of the telegraph; a very careful, minute, and we suppose very valuable account of the effect of irritation upon a polarized nerve; and a record of researches in sound, chiefly with relation to the effect of fogs on atmospheric vibration.

Professor Aughey's *Sketches of the Physical Geography of Nebraska* (9) are somewhat too minute and technical for the general reader. Parts, however, of the papers here collected have a bearing on general questions of geology which will no doubt be recognized by all students of that science.

Mr. Bell's little handbook on the faults of speech (10) relates, not to American dialectical peculiarities, but to organic or other difficulties of articulation, to physical or professional habits that impair clearness of pronunciation, and to similar class or personal peculiarities. To all whose speech is not readily and distinctly audible to others it may well prove practically useful, from the systematic method in which it deals with such faults and points out their cause and cure.

Messrs. Osgood have put forth a *Vote Map* (11) more elaborate in execution than those published by several English newspapers after the late general election, but resembling them in character, indicating the relative strength of parties in each of the Congressional districts throughout the Union. Even a cursory examination of this map enables the English reader to understand why the efforts of parties at a time like the present are concentrated so exclusively on a few States, the Democratic or Republican majorities in others being so obviously overwhelming that no change can be reasonably expected from the utmost efforts of oratory or organization. It is worthy of note also that in America as here the system of local distribution does not always tend to a real representation of public opinion. It might be quite possible that even in the House of Representatives, which is supposed to give effect to the popular as distinct from the State feeling, a great majority of Democratic electors throughout the Union should return a considerable

(4) *A Short History of German Literature*. By Professor James K. Hosmer. Second Edition. St. Louis: Jones & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

(5) *Institute Essays*. Read before the "Ministers' Institute," Providence, R. I., Oct. 1879. With Introduction by Rev. Henry W. Bellows, D.D. Boston: G. H. Ellis. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(6) *The Historical Poetry of the Ancient Hebrews*. Translated and critically examined by Michael Heilprin. Vol. II. New York: Appleton & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(7) *The Philosophy of Art; being the Second Part of Hegel's Ästhetik*, Translated, and with an Introductory Essay giving outline of the entire "Ästhetik." By Wm. M. Bryant. New York: Appleton & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

(8) *Annual Report of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution for the year 1878*. Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

(9) *Sketches of the Physical Geography and Geology of Nebraska*. By S. Aughey, Ph.D., LL.D. Omaha: "Daily Republican" Book and Job Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(10) *The Faults of Speech: a Self-Corrector and Teachers' Manual*. By A. M. Bell, F.E.I.S., &c. Salem: J. P. Barbanks. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(11) *Congressional District Vote Map*. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

(2) *Footprints of Vanished Races in the Mississippi Valley*. By A. J. Conant, A.M. St. Louis: C. R. Barns. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

(3) *Eminent Israelites of the Nineteenth Century: a Series of Biographical Sketches*. By H. S. Morais. Philadelphia: Stern & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

majority of Republican legislators, or *vice versa*. The districts being about equal, 25,000 Democrats in a district where there are but 5,000 Republicans may be nullified by 16,000 Republicans in another where there are 15,000 Democrats, 40,000 electors being thus counterbalanced by 21,000.

Who is Your Wife? (12) is the title of a short, sharp, clever, but we hope very widely exaggerated, satire on the marriage and divorce laws of the different States; showing, or caricaturing, the facilities existing for divorce at will, and the possibility that a man may be legally married in different States to different women, may be a bachelor in one and a bigamist in another. *Mr. Bodley Abroad* (13) is a clever illustrated series of real and imaginary adventures in America and Europe. *The Stillwater Tragedy* (14) is a sensational romance on American lines; *From Madge to Margaret* (15), a domestic story; and *The Verdendorps* (16), a sketch of some of the wilder possibilities of American life, mingled with the impossibilities of which the author's imagination is fertile. *Mr. E. D. Root's Sakya Buddha* (17) might be taken for an intentional caricature of the absurdities into which the unbridled licence of American heresy has strayed. It appears, however, that we owe its extravagances, literary and doctrinal, not to the author's humour, but to his absolute lack thereof. A single half stanza may afford a fair specimen of his style and the originality of his thought:—

Great Heaven! the good all-Father
Will ne'er the heathen damn;
Believe had I much rather
All priest-rumpled creeds are sham.

Among American periodicals we may notice the *Wide Awake* (18), an illustrated magazine for young people, such as may serve well enough to keep children quiet and content for more than one stray half-hour.

(12) *Who is Your Wife? a Complex Conundrum Colloquially Considered.* By W. H. Phillips, LL.B., Author of "The World to Blame," &c. New York: Hale & Son. 1880.

(13) *Mr. Bodley Abroad.* By the Author of "The Bodleys Afoot," &c. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

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(16) *The Verdendorps.* A Novel. By Basil Verdendorp. Chicago: C. M. Hertig. 1880.

(17) *Sakya Buddha: a Versified, Annotated Narrative of his Life and Teachings.* By E. D. Root, an American Buddhist. New York: C. P. Somerby. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(18) *The American Wide Awake.* An Illustrated Magazine for Young People. Boston: Lothrop & Co. London: Clarke & Co.

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Secretary—CHARLES S. CHAMPION CRESPIGNY, Esq.

OFFICES: 110 CANNON STREET, LONDON, E.C.

The Directors of the IMPERIAL CONTINENTAL WATER CORPORATION, Limited, are prepared to receive applications for 23,685 Six per Cent. Perpetual Preference Shares, and 18,750 Ordinary Shares of £20 each, forming together the unpaid balance of Share Capital of the Corporation, payable as follows:—

10s. per Share on Application.
12 1/2 per Share on Allotment.
12 1/2 per Share on January 15, 1881.

The Preference Shares will rank for dividend at 5 per cent. per annum from the date of payment of the amounts to the Bankers of the Corporation, and applicants so desiring will be allowed the privilege of paying the same in full on allotment, or at any time in anticipation of call.

The IMPERIAL CONTINENTAL WATER CORPORATION, Limited, has been formed mainly for the purpose of establishing Waterworks in Great Britain, in the Colonies, on the Continent, and in foreign countries.

It is the intention generally to retain as the property of the Corporation the Waterworks constructed, thus forming a comprehensive Water Trust; but where, as in the following instance, the works are of considerable magnitude, they may in the interest of the Corporation be handed over to separate Companies.

An important concession for supplying the Western Districts of Vienna with water, has been acquired by the Corporation, and transferred to the Vienna (West) Waterworks Company, Limited, in consideration of that Company having granted to the Corporation a contract for constructing a comprehensive system of Waterworks for supplying the above districts with a constant service. This contract is expected to be completed in about two years, and will yield a considerable profit to the Corporation after providing for all contingencies.

Proposals for supplying several other important cities with Waterworks are now under the consideration of the Board, and great care will be taken to accept only such undertakings as possess liberal government or municipal guarantees, or afford evidence of yielding a substantial return on the Capital invested in their construction.

The field for the Company's operations in the United Kingdom alone is obviously a very large one. Comparatively few towns in Great Britain possess Waterworks which are equal to the requirements of the population, and the necessity of taking steps to provide the Metropolitan itself with a further and adequate supply of water has been now publicly and officially recognized.

Power has been taken in the Articles to acquire any existing Waterworks, and to extend and improve the same, or to undertake any other public works which the Directors may consider desirable in the interest of the Corporation.

An efficient staff of engineers has been appointed, who will devote the whole of their time and attention to the works of the Corporation, and the Directors have secured the co-operation of a gentleman who has carried out large undertakings in all parts of the world, and who arranged the Vienna business, to aid in directing their operations. Three eminent members of the engineering profession have also been retained as Consulting Engineers.

Waterworks are justly regarded by the public with great favour for investment, in consequence of the solid character of the security, the regular and increasing value of such properties, and the substantial dividends they pay.

It is the intention of the Directors to call up at present only 15 per Share, and to raise any further capital required by the issue of Debentures at a low rate of interest. Subscribers for the Preference Shares will, however, be permitted to pay in full on allotment, or at any time in anticipation of call, and such Shares will rank for dividend at 5 per cent. per annum from the date of such payments.

Having regard to the profitable business undertaken and also under negotiation the Directors believe that the result of the operations of the Corporation will be very successful, and they fully expect that after providing for interest on the Preference Shares and all contingencies, the net profits will admit of Dividends of at least 10 per cent. per annum on the Ordinary Shares.

Applications for Shares must be forwarded, together with the requisite deposit, to the Bankers or to the Directors of the Corporation.

Where no allotment is made, the amount paid on deposit will be returned in full.

No promotion money has been or will be paid.

Prospectuses and forms of application for the Shares now for Subscription can be obtained of the Bankers, Solicitors, or at the offices of the Corporation, 110 Cannon Street, London, E.C.

The following Agreements have been entered into:—

September 1, 1879, between this Corporation and the TRAMWAYS CONSTRUCTION COMPANY, LIMITED.

September 18, 1879, two Agreements between this Corporation and the VIENNA (WEST) WATERWORKS COMPANY, Limited.

January 30, 1880, between this Corporation and D. Y. STEWART, and others.

February 3, 1880, between this Corporation and WILLIAM HENRY PUNCHARD.

June 16, 1880, appointment of GEORGE W. USILL, A.M.I.C.E., one of the Engineers to the Corporation.

July 14, 1880, appointment of L. A. GOLA, C.E., one of the Engineers to the Corporation.

CITY OF LONDON BONDS.—DISCHARGE and RENEWAL

of BONDS FALLING DUE in the years 1881-2:—

In obedience to an Order of the Finance Committee of the Corporation of London, I do hereby give notice to the holders, registered or otherwise, of City Bonds, which mature within the ensuing years, 1881-2, as follows:—

(1) That the Bonds referred to in the First Schedule hereto will be paid off (out of funds specially applicable to such purposes) absolutely and without option of renewal, at the date at which they respectively mature.

(2) That the Bonds referred to in the Second Schedule hereto will also be paid off at the date of their maturity respectively, but that an option is given to the Holders of such Bonds to renew the Loans severally secured for a period of Seven Years from the date at which they severally fall due on terms to pay the Holders interest at the rate of 5 1/2 per cent. per annum.

Holders of Bonds desiring to avail themselves of this option of renewal must signify to me their agreement thereto, and bring their Bonds for marking to this office, on or before November 30 next.

The Loans renewed under these options will be for the like purposes and on the same securities as the existing Bonds, interest being payable, as at present, by means of Coupons, at the Bank of England, negotiable through any banker.

SCHEDULE I.

Bonds to be paid off absolutely in 1881 and 1882.

Bonds issued under the Holborn Valley Improvement Act, 1864, and maturing on January 1, 1881, viz:—

7 Bonds for £10,000 each, Nos. 1,351 to 1,357	£70,000
13 Bonds for £1,000 each, Nos. 633 to 645	13,000
3 Bonds for £500 each, Nos. 663 to 665	1,500
20 Bonds for £100 each, Nos. 679 to 690, 697 to 710, and 1,258 to 1,261	2,000
	£86,500

Bonds secured upon the Surplus Lands of the Holborn Valley Improvements, and maturing on April 1, 1881, viz:—

99 Bonds for £1,000 each, Nos. 1 to 42, and 133 to 139	99,000
81 and 190 to 217	40,500
164 Bonds for £100 each, Nos. 96 to 132, and 218 to 341	16,400
	155,900

Bond issued in respect of rebuilding the Royal Exchange (Loan of £70,800), secured upon the City's moiety of the Gresham Estates, viz:—

Bond for £1,000, No. 2, maturing on May 11, 1881,

Bonds issued under the Holborn Valley Improvement Act, 1864, and maturing on July 1, 1881, viz:—

25 Bonds for £1,000 each, Nos. 736 to 778	25,000
3 Bonds for £500 each, Nos. 667, 698, and 809, and 1,262 and 1,283	2,500
3 Bonds for £100 each, Nos. 694 to 697, and 841	300
	27,800

Bonds issued under the Contagious Diseases (Animals) Act, 1869, for constructing the Foreign Cattle Market for the Metropolis (being Loan of £25,000), dated October 15, 1874, and maturing on July 25, 1881, viz:—

15 Bonds for £1,000 each, Nos. 1 to 15	15,000
16 Bonds for £500 each, Nos. 17 to 32	8,000
10 Bonds for £100 each, Nos. 33 to 42	1,000
	24,000

Bonds issued under the same Act, dated January 16, 1879, and maturing on January 25, 1882, viz:—

7 Bonds for £10,000 each, Nos. 1 and 2

Bonds issued under the Act for rebuilding Blackfriars Bridge, and maturing on July 28, 1881, viz:—

50 Bonds for £1,000 each, Nos. 7 to 56

Total.....

£285,400

SCHEDULE II.

Bonds maturing in 1881 with an option of renewal.

Bonds issued for the completion of the London Central Poultry and Provision Market, and maturing on January 1, 1881, viz:—

25 Bonds for £1,000 each, Nos. 1 to 25	25,000
5 Bonds for £500 each, Nos. 26 to 30	2,500
	27,500

Bonds issued under the Act for providing the Metropolitan Cattle Market, and maturing on February 28, 1881, viz:—

37 Bonds for £1,000 each, Nos. 379 to 415

Bonds issued for the like purpose, and maturing on April 1, 1881, viz:—

1 Bond No. 3 for £1,000	1,000
50 Bonds for £1,000 each, Nos. 6 to 26 and 416 to 444	50,000
43 Bonds for £500 each, Nos. 27 to 29 and 445 to 484	21,500
34 Bonds for £100 each, Nos. 30 to 34 and 485 to 513	3,400
	75,900

Bonds issued under the London Central Markets Act, 1873, and maturing on April 5, 1881, viz:—

27 Bonds for £10,000 each, Nos. 414 to 449

1 Bond No. 441

Bonds issued under the Billingsgate Market Act, 1871, and maturing on July 1, 1881, viz:—

30 Bonds for £1,000 each, Nos. 147 to 176

34 Bonds for £500 each, Nos. 177 to 210

30 Bonds for £100 each, Nos. 211 to 240

Bonds issued under the London Central Markets Act, 1873, and maturing on July 1, 1881, viz:—

125 Bonds for £1,000 each, Nos. 442 to 566

15 Bonds for £500 each, Nos. 567 to 582

15 Bonds for £100 each, Nos. 583 to 600

Bonds issued under the same Act and maturing on July 5, 1881, viz:—

190 Bonds for £1,000 each, Nos. 601 to 790

71 Bonds for £500 each, Nos. 791 to 861

80 Bonds for £100 each, Nos. 862 to 940

Bonds issued for the purpose of the Western Approach to the Metropolitan Meat and Poultry Market (now London Central Markets), and maturing on July 5, 1881, viz:—

12 Bonds for £1,000 each, Nos. 132 to 144

32 Bonds for £500 each, Nos. 135 to 166

20 Bonds for £100 each, Nos. 167 to 186

Bonds issued under the Act for re-building Blackfriars Bridge, and maturing on July 28, 1881, viz:—

30 Bonds for £1,000 each, Nos. 57 to 86

34 Bonds for £500 each, Nos. 87 to 120

30 Bonds for £100 each, Nos. 121 to 150

Bonds issued under the Holborn Valley Improvement (Money) Act, 1869, and maturing October 5, 1881, viz:—

7 Bonds for £50,000 each, Nos. 1 and 2

920 Bonds for £1,000 each, Nos. 3 to 252

200 Bonds for £500 each, Nos. 253 to 372

900 Bonds for £100 each, Nos. 373 to 1473

Total.....

£1,508,900

Further information, if needed, will be furnished at this Department.

BENJAMIN SCOTT, Chamberlain.

Chamber of London, Guildhall,
October 21, 1880.

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Profits divided in 1880 among the Assured, £219,275.

SPECIMENS OF BONUS ADDITIONS.

Effectd.	At Age.	Sum Assured.	Bonus Additions.
		£	£ s.
1847	37	500	459 10
"	43	5,000	5,060 10
1850	35	500	399 10
1851	32	500	369 10
1855	31	1,000	623 10
1854	25	2,000	1,226 0
1864	35	5,000	1,741 0

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Table Spoons	1 10 0	2 1 0	2 5 0
Dessert Forks	1 2 0	1 9 0	1 11 0
Dessert Spoons	1 2 0	1 9 0	1 11 0
Ten Spoons	0 14 0	0 9 0	1 3 0

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	s. d.	s. d.	per Pair, s. d.
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3 1/2 ditto ditto	16 6	12 0	6 6
3 1/2 ditto ditto to balance ..	18 6	13 6	6 6
4 ditto ditto ditto ..	21 0	14 0	7 6
4 ditto fine ditto ditto ..	22 0	21 0	9 0
4 ditto ditto, extra large ..	26 0	26 0	10 6
4 ditto ditto, African ..	40 0	32 0	13 6
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